

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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### THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

#### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS OR A PRIZE MEDAL FOR A NEW COMPETITION.

ONCE A WEEK offers a prize of one hundred dollars, or, at the option of the winner, a gold medal of equal value, to the student, male or female, at any college, convent, academy or public school in this country, Canada or elsewhere who will send to this office, on or before July 1, 1893, the best essay, not exceeding three thousand words in length, on the subject of "The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century."

#### The conditions of the competition are:

1. A copy of this notice must be attached to each essay, with the name and address of the author.
2. Every essay must be original and accompanied by a written assurance from the principal of the college, convent, academy or public school that the essay is the unaided work of the competitor.

Here is a fine chance to win one hundred dollars or a gold medal. Now let all the ambitious young girls and lads enter the contest with a determination to win.

Principals and teachers in colleges, convents, academies and public schools are respectfully requested to read this announcement to their pupils, and to stimulate them to take part in this interesting competition.

The committee to decide the contest will be carefully chosen, and announced in a later number of this paper.

EVERY nation has its distinctively national game of outdoor pastime. Ours should be, probably will be, baseball. It is new, and has no Old World mould or flies on it, like foot-ball and cricket; and this is a good year to claim it as our own and only original contribution to outdoor sports. The visitor who goes home from the World's Fair without seeing a professional game of base-ball will have no right to claim that he has "done" us. We are the people, and base-ball is our favorite sport, from the common laborer to the judiciary.

THE poor who are becoming poorer have been with us through so many political campaigns that, if living now, they should be glad. But the worthy poor man who stays poor in spite of all he can and does do—and that is a good deal—is a pathetic reality. Capital can make sure dividends by singling this man out from all other classes of poor and giving him a chance to help himself. He is the only sure guardian of the rights of property; for he is after property himself and is willing to get it by honest toil. This man may become dangerous, too. He is not asking help. He is asking for a chance to help himself. Such men are usually in earnest.

STRANGE how human beings blunder along in this world! The dreamers, poets, philosophers and cranks run way ahead of the procession of events chasing the eternal truths instead of looking calmly at them and studying them in the intervals between some kind of useful work; while the "practical" men keep hammering away at work done long ago; the great middle ground where timely causes and conditions are always ready to play into our hands at the proper time being for the sole use and benefit of a rabble of highwaymen in a hurry to get rich, or of an occasional revolutionist who is "raised up" about the end of every century. As we are coming near the end of one now, why not stay close up to the procession for awhile and see what can be done to make this country a nation of homes, as well as an asylum for the oppressed and a lemon to be squeezed?

Now the Chinese must get their pictures taken and register, or beat Uncle Sam with a cold deck, or call themselves merchants combined in a washee syndicate, or do something else very sharp and very misleading. The Federal Supreme Court has decided that the Geary Law is constitutional, and unless Ah Sin is very cunning he will have to obey it, or go. It will cost more money to enforce this law than the net result will be worth; but when the business is in full blast the boom in photography

will more than make up the deficit. The Chinese Empire may not like this discrimination against its surplus population, or it may be in the secret that the Chinese are "going" as fast in one direction as they are in the other—the latter is the more likely. We will have no Chinese War, but the Geary Law will make times lively for awhile, until Congress repeals it. Anything for a change.

### JOINT-STOCK LABOR UNIONS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS.  
Bagder Lodge, No. 65,  
MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 7, 1893.

P. E. COLLIER, Esq.

DEAR SIR—The question of forming "Stock Company Labor Organizations" having been brought to the notice of the above named Lodge by several of its members reading your valued paper ONCE A WEEK, the Lodge has instructed me to write you for a more detailed plan of the scheme, which strikes us as being the solution of the Labor Problem. If you will oblige us with the desired information you will be conferring a great favor on Bagder Lodge, No. 65, I. A. of M. and yours respectfully.

CHAS. GORDON, Recording Secretary.  
352 National Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE man with a plan, ridicule him though some may, has his place in the scheme and work of human advancement. The plan may not always work at the time it is born. None of us do that, you must bear in mind. Time and events will develop the plan, as well as the man, that is destined to live. In the meantime, it will be in order from time to time to insist on those sound, broad, general principles that have a special application to present or impending conditions.

ONCE A WEEK has advocated the scheme of joint-stock labor unions. The full details, or even an outline, of this scheme will not be forthcoming until after its necessity has been generally accepted as a fact, not only by labor organizations, but also by capitalists and by the general public, who, let us say, hold the balance of power between capital and labor. Once place the scheme before the eye of public opinion as a necessity, and modern omnipotence will find a way to reduce it to practice in such harmonious working order that we all will wonder how we ever got along without it.

On general principles it may be laid down as a rule that nothing must be wasted. Capital rebels against the waste of energy caused by individualism in business; it insists that a trust or combine is a saving of energy and is therefore a necessity. Individualism among workmen is also a waste of energy, and has long since been abandoned, as long ago as the period of guilds and trades-unions of the Middle Ages. In a word, capital and labor must be organized to meet modern requirements, especially the dictates of enlightenment.

But, if labor is to organize on an equality with capital, it must be responsible for its organized acts, and must therefore be based on capital of its own. Money is the great cohesive power of our day. Business cannot be done without it, and labor cannot deal with capital without it. But labor will "organize" and assert its rights, and dispute with employers about wages and conditions of employment. We must accept that as a fact. It is a stage of human development that is here to stay and to await the next stage—not to go back to the stage of master and servant. The next stage is, clearly, the joint-stock labor unions. It is at our door. It is a necessity.

Now about details. All workmen and workwomen may become members of these unions by buying capital stock, always at par, say five dollars a share. Hundreds of millions of dollars of their money is now in savings banks of the State of New York alone. The transfer, or re-arrangement, of such savings throughout the United States should be the work of the Federal Government in the near future. Such transfer need not interfere with the business of the savings banks, which now have this enormous sum of money on deposit and invested, under stringent State laws, in safe places.

In order that the step indicated may be taken in the light and not in the dark some time in the near future, it will be necessary for some labor organization to lead the way. The Typographical Union, the Association of Machinists, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers or any one of a score of other solid labor organizations could set the pace by simply founding an out-and-out stock insurance company, or a real estate company or syndicate for the development of suburban home sites, or a savings bank, or a system of retail stores—any legitimate business will do for a starter. The point is, that a given labor organization will have no trouble in finding use for their money in some paying business of their own when they have withdrawn it from the savings banks. We do not mean co-operation; let this joint-stock company do business with the general public, just as any other corporation does. Surely this company could get a general manager, clerks, cashiers, outside of its own membership when the supply within was exhausted. The time is gone by when workmen know nothing about money except to spend their week's wages. At least, it ought to be.

But the chief object and business of the joint-stock labor union must be to furnish skilled and unskilled workers, in the various lines of industry, to employers, at stated rates of wages. We see no obstacle in the way of this at all. Labor organizations are trying to do it now—in general, they are succeeding; we hear of the exception when we hear of the strike, the lockout

and the boycott. The present plan will make the furnishing of these workers a purely business transaction—a contract which can be enforced either way in the courts. The joint-stock plan will draw in the saving, "independent" workman, and will exclude the ne'er-do-weels, at least from much of a voice in the management of the union's affairs, for the voting will be according to shares of stock, not "every member one vote." Rates of wages in different localities can be determined by cost of living and other essential considerations best known to the members of the local branch or lodge of the union. The members of such unions will have an extra incentive to stay in one place, and workmen's homes will become more numerous throughout the country. That large and worthy class of young and middle-aged laborers and mechanics, male and female, who desire to go into the business of buying and selling for themselves may do so by lease, contract or purchase from their own unions, thus thinning the ranks of the unemployed workers. No human being likes to work all of his or her life for nothing—to have nothing saved when age or debility comes; and there is always more or less necessity for the relief afforded in this way to honest and industrious workers, who feel that the evening is approaching when they can no longer stand the hardship of their chosen trade. This, by the way, would be a most meet and fit pensioning off; but strictly on a business or cash basis, like all the rest of the union's deals.

But would not this be the surrender of the worker's independence? First, there can be no organization of any kind without the surrender of some independence. Union workmen must stand by the scale. But, on this plan, there need be no surrender at all. An individual member or a number of members might be accorded full liberty to work, in a certain locality, under the scale, so long as they were not thereby coming in competition with other members of their own local union. After a thorough organization of a particular union in all parts of the country had been effected, the rate need not be iron-clad. It is the unity, the standing together, the growth of the organization in money and industrial potency, that we are after.

The question as to whether or not the workers in this joint-stock union scheme would be furnished on the "padrone" or contract labor plan is not worthy of notice. The Italian laborer does not own any of the stock in the Italian "bankers" institution, or in the "padrone's" boarding syndicate—does he? The union joint-stock workers we are talking about are to draw their own pay, and are themselves to run the institution that furnishes them to their employers.

To sum up: American workmen have the capital already for the joint-stock labor unions. We have not the figures for the whole United States, but in the city of New York they have more than two hundred million dollars in savings banks. If we prorate according to population, and deduct fifty per cent for "loose calculation" of statistics, the total savings of workmen and workwomen throughout the United States in the shape of homes of their own or a bank account would be about five billion dollars. The gradual withdrawal of this at the rate of one per cent per year and its investment, together with all their future savings, in lines of business established and operated by themselves, would make labor organizations every year a commercial power as well as an industrial power, with fifty million dollars cash in one hand, and a whole year's savings in the other—and this, too, without materially disturbing the steady course of that great monetary, commercial and industrial stream called "business."

Shares of stock are to be five dollars each, always at par, kept there, as now, in the shape of savings bank deposits, by stringent laws. After these joint-stock labor unions go into business for themselves, acquire property and a legal status as corporations, they will be in a position to retain their present organization and membership, with the proviso that shares of stock shall vote on the management of the corporation's affairs; to combine and set a scale of prices as other corporations are doing; to regulate those prices according to circumstances; to deal with employers of labor on a strictly business basis and not otherwise—either by strikes, lockouts or boycotts; and, finally and most important of all, to lift labor from its present level as an uncertain factor, now obedient servant, now master, to its true position as a responsible partner of capital in the upholding of a nation.

### THE HUDSON'S SECRET.

THE majestic stream was lashed to fury, the frowning walls of Sing Sing Prison showed fitfully in the lightning's search-light, a boat was struggling with the tempest and the waves; how many are in that boat? The two condemned murderers PALLISTER and ROEHL? Did they reach the shore in safety? No. Then how came the boat to be carefully drawn up on the wharf with the oars stowed away? The Hudson River has given up the dead bodies of both men, and it holds the secret of their taking off. Will it ever give up the secret?

The theory that best fits the facts at present is, that PALLISTER killed ROEHL in self-defense and himself by accident. The two were in the boat together, PALLIS-



TER at the oars, ROEHL facing him at the stern, the one a skilled oarsman, the other ignorant of boating. ROEHL was a passionate, impulsive man; death stared him in the face every time the boat lurched or a wave dashed over it. The inky blackness, broken by the fitful lightning, must have been terrible to this man, not accustomed to boating, and it is supposable that at intervals he found himself in all the terrors of the drowning man. The lightnings revealed the strong swarthy features of PALLISTER from time to time, tugging away for their common lives. He would lean on PALLISTER. Coming forward he put his arms around him, perhaps in affection, perhaps in terror. PALLISTER saw the danger of capsizing the boat. But he did not lose his head. He dropped the oars, reached down carefully, drew ROEHL'S pistol from his hip pocket, and fired, killing him; fired again to make sure, and accidentally killed himself. Then the Hudson emptied the boat of the two murderers, washed it, perhaps, of any stray blots of freshly shed blood on the sides, and tossed it around until morning—which probably was not far distant. The fisherman who drew the boat up from the wharf and laid away the oars in the bottom may be afraid to acknowledge it, especially if he has anything to do with the finding of these two bodies.

It is the Hudson's secret at present, and if anybody or river around Sing Sing knows any more about the whole thing than Guards MURPHY and HULSE and Warden BROWN, it must be the Hudson.

#### A PROFESSOR OF EXTREMES.

IN ONCE A WEEK for May 20 is an article by Professor Boyesen of Columbia College, New York, on the question of immigration, in which the writer takes and enforces some very extreme views, not only on the subject of immigration, but on the alleged misgovernment of our larger cities. There are also some loose statements reflecting upon the honesty of men in the government of New York City.

It is customary, I grant, for partisan politicians and partisan newspapers to say that New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, and other large cities in the Union are under municipal governments that are "practically despotisms." But a student of history, and one whose erudition has given him a happy facility for "making allowances" in human affairs, might reasonably be expected to see the subject differently. For instance, take New York: The most populous city of the New World, with narrow streets, crowded tenement quarters, valuable franchises for sale to corporations, immense expenditures on public works, and every department of administration extensive and liable to entanglement. A very hard city to govern, the student would say. What is wrong with New York City government? Is there protection for life and property? Yes. Efficient police force? Yes: "the finest." Did Tammany keep out the cholera last year? Yes. How much money does Tammany steal "by bartering away our best rights and privileges" every year? Let me see—um—there are no figures. And a grave and learned professor should not speak loosely on serious subjects. Boss Tweed was caught stealing; but the present head of Tammany Hall, Mr. Richard Croker, has not been even accused of dishonesty, except by implication, indirection and innuendo—which no erudite person would resort to, of course.

But must every man, woman and child in New York tremble at the name of Tammany Hall, and bow to the sovereign will of this highly "practical despotism"? Not at all. But it has full sway in the city? Certainly, it controls the city government. And it is extending its influence throughout the State? So does Columbia College. These be human affairs, all of them. The property owners and "best people" of New York can easily oust Tammany Hall if they determine to do so. But they have not. Ergo!

The city governments of Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, and other large cities are controlled by a similar strong hand—they may look like despotisms to the shallow, but not to the scholar. Submit that Professor Boyesen is not fair to the governments of our large cities. Despotism is *absolute*; that is, it means the utter absence of representation on behalf of the governed. Representative government is relative. In small cities it is more representative than in larger cities—necessarily so. In great undertakings it must be strong, centralized, if you choose to call it so; it small cities it is more easily dislodged and weaker; but strong or weak, it is representative government, and not despotism.

The conclusion that immigrants should be selected from certain nationalities would need this premise to rest on: some nationalities are fit for self-government, others are not. My theory—that no nationality, but the undesirable from all nationalities, should be excluded—is based upon the premise that some men are fit, while others are unfit for self-government.

In conclusion, I desire to protest against Professor Boyesen's implication that the Irish are undesirable immigrants. They were here in the American Union before the Scandinavian came, and the Irishman's muscle, intelligence and industry built railroads and towns and cities against Professor Boyesen and his fellow-countrymen's coming. The Irish immigrant of to-day is fully as valuable to the country as the Irishman of '48 and earlier. Without any disrespect to those nationalities, I assert that the Scandinavian, Englishman and Scotchman have nothing to show yet, as immigrants, to compare with the Irish and the German records, on the battle-fields of the Union, in education, in philanthropy, in commerce, in any field of usefulness you may name, not excepting the domain of practical politics.

DANIEL LYONS.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE "WORLD" AND THE "HERALD."

NOT the least notable of the changes wrought in daily journalism since the days of Charles Dickens' first visit to this country is the disappearance of the wretched personalities exchanged between rival editors, above all in New York, and the substitution therefor of friendly notices of each other, or at least of superficial indications of a sort of *entente cordiale*. The *Tribune* no longer calls the *Herald* the "Satanic," the *Herald* has no sobriquet like "the little villain" or "the elbows of the Mincio" for the editor of the *Times*, nor does it refer in these latter days to the "gift enterprise"; the *Times* doesn't smite its rivals with verbal bludgeons carefully picked from the choice nomenclature of criminality. In short, the journalistic millennium appears to have come at last. It is a good thing, the sign of a higher state of civilization; but whether on the whole it leaves the newspapers so entertaining to the average reader I will not attempt to discuss.

But pleasant as is the new tone among the rival metropolitans, it is no reason for sacrificing the truth of journalistic history. I am led to make this remark by the appearance on Sunday, May 7, of the *World* with one hundred pages of reading and pictorial matter, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of its existence under Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Much of those one hundred pages was autobiographical, and professed to give the story of its phenomenal success. While admitting the undoubted genius of Mr. Pulitzer, I must take a slight exception to the explanation his paper gives of the causes that combined to make the *World* so suddenly the great overshadowing power in metropolitan journalism which it is to-day. Here are the real facts, which are known to every well-informed newspaper man:

Mr. Pulitzer got control of the *World* at a time when there was a rare combination of circumstances favoring him. Cummings had failed, Marble had failed, Hurlbert had failed, Bennett had declined to take it as a gift, and one other journalist had refused to accept it without a *proviso* which need not be explained just now. So Mr. Pulitzer was able to make a very favorable arrangement with the late Jay Gould, who was the real owner. He began with a bold stroke. He reduced the price to two cents and opened his columns to free advertising. The *Times* soon reduced its price to two cents also, and later on the *Herald* followed suit. About the same time the *Sun* made one of those curious mistakes of policy which caused thousands of its readers to give it up and scatter their patronage between the *Herald*, the *World*, and the *Times*. The *World* gathered in the lion's share, it is true, but not all the undoubted ability and business shrewdness of its new owner would have availed to plant it safely on the road to success had not the *Herald* aided it. This was done without intention, as a matter of course. The *Herald's* reduction of price would have been a magnificent stroke of policy if it had been accompanied by liberal treatment of the newsdealers. But, instead of conciliating the great distributing agencies by generous concessions, the *Herald* tried an experiment, dangerous at all times, but specially dangerous at this particular crisis. It dictated to the newsdealers that they must handle the *Herald* thereafter for smaller profits; that as the *Herald* had reduced its price, they, the distributors, must also reduce their pretensions. The newsdealers declined, and refused to handle the *Herald* at all if not allowed their old percentage of profit. Then the war between the proud, unyielding, plucky ruler of the *Herald* and the equally stubborn and unyielding newsdealers began in real earnest.

And then Pulitzer found his real opportunity.

Like a shrewd general, he made warm allies of the newsdealers by giving them all they asked. He championed their cause. He and his paper became the recognized supporters of the "poor newsdealers" against the autocratic *Herald*. The *World* went up with a great bound. Hundreds of thousands of copies were almost given away, while the *Herald* was boycotted by paper vendors, great and small, as the arch-enemy of the laboring classes. You could not find a poor woman with a newspaper stand at that period who would sell the *Herald* for less than three cents, if she sold it at all. The *World* soon got a firm hold on the readers, and it maintained it steadily, thanks to the mistaken policy of the *Herald*, which refused all overtures of compromise. The *Herald's* attitude was one of unyielding hostility; unconditional surrender was its motto. In one sense, at least, it was magnificent, but it was not war. In truth, its policy was magnificent blundering, which cost it thousands of readers as well as hundreds of thousands of dollars lost in an insane attempt to build up distributing agents of its own after the wrong method. Far cheaper, sounder policy would it have been to have bought up all the agencies in existence in a quiet, secret way. The *Herald* had the capital to do it, and could have swept out of existence the *World* and other rivals had it adopted the proper policy.

The story of the *World's* phenomenal success, therefore, may be thus stated in a few words:—James Gordon Bennett built it up quite as much as Joseph Pulitzer; Charles A. Dana contributed, and the newsdealers did the balance.

Now let the rest of the truth be told also. Pulitzer, possessing the requisite genius, profited fully by his rivals' errors of judgment. Once firmly planted he strengthened and consolidated his position. He infused his own indomitable energy into every department of his paper, never allowing its progress to falter. With him ever after it was upward and onward, until at last the *World* has become the most stupendous success in the history of newspaper enterprise, not even excepting ONCE A WEEK.

A paper which has achieved such a position may be pardoned for glorifying itself in ninety-six closely printed pages more or less lightened by illustrations here and there, and clasped within four more pages of a beautifully illuminated cover. Why not? There is no reason

why it should not tell its story in its own way, even to the extent of one hundred pages. But it was not necessary. Especially was it not necessary to claim a credit that belongs elsewhere. The credit of introducing illustration to the pages of a daily newspaper is not due to the *World*. It is due to the *Morning Journal*, which was the real pioneer of daily illustration, crude and awful, it is true, at times; but still let the just chronicler place these laurels on the brow of King Albert, not on King Joseph's. The younger brother was the real pioneer; the elder followed quickly in the junior's tracks and soon outstripped him. Albert Pulitzer has built up a fine property; Joseph's is colossal. That is the exact difference. Both brothers have proved themselves men of remarkable business tact allied with the true journalistic instinct. They know how to catch and keep readers, and that is a secret possessed by few newspaper owners. A newspaper is like the earth—it can never stand still without danger. It must keep going ahead—never resting—struggling ever to surpass to-morrow what it has done to-day. That is Mr. Pulitzer's policy. It was the policy of the two Bennetts, which made the *Herald* the foremost journal of the world in enterprise and dash until the fatal blunder checked both. The *Herald* is recovering from the blow which nearly ruined it. It is great again, clean, readable and pleasant, but it lacks now the originating power which formerly made it *facilis princeps*.

Why is this so? Why is it, if we may believe the constant claims of its great rival, that the *World* leaps up by tens of thousands while the *Herald* only creeps forward by the thousand? Is it due to the constant absence of the master mind? But then the master mind since the second Bennett's investiture with the controlling power has nearly always been absent. So has it been with the *World's* master mind, and yet results are not the same. There is only one explanation that seems reasonable, and it is this:—the *World* is more fortunate in its home-directing spirits than is the *Herald*. The Harveys, the Carvalhos, and the Ballard Smiths have been more potent than the three-headed management of the *Herald*.

The sign is no bigger than a man's hand in the distant horizon, but it is labeled "Turner" and it is growing hourly. The two elder rivals, Bennett and Pulitzer, must look to it that the rising young *Recorder* with its shabby color prints does not eclipse them both. I use shabby in an artistic sense. It would have been better from an aesthetic point of view if Turner had waited to perfect the processes and manipulations before launching his colored cartoons, but Turner knows what he is about. He is not so much after artistic effects at present as subscribers and circulation. Granted that the big color illustrations are like children's colored daubs, yet have they captured the public fancy just as the crude pioneer efforts of Albert Pulitzer tickled the early readers of the *Journal* by their novelty? This question of daily illustration in newspapers is one that cannot be discussed in one article like this, but its importance will be appreciated when it is known that the great *Herald* has only been waiting for the completion of its new Venetian uptown palace to begin color illustrations. Be sure it will be as far ahead of any attempt in the line by daily newspapers here or abroad, as its plain black and white sketches have been above those of all the other papers up to date.

Still after all is this idea of daily colored illustration, which really illustrates the events of yesterday, practicable under existing circumstances? Has the art of colored illustration progressed sufficiently to overcome the wear and tear of lightning speed required for the printing of a daily newspaper? It is quite evident the art has not yet reached that point, and in all probability the time is far distant when it will. Preparing big sheets a week in advance, as is now done, in the hope that they will fit expected events sufficiently well to deceive the public, is not really illustrating the events of yesterday. It is merely testing the skill and ingenuity of the artist. There was considerable force after all in the remarks of the *Evening Post* the other day on this subject, and the comments which they drew from the *World* failed to answer.

It is a good time to call attention to the new departure of the *Herald* in many respects, and for that reason a page of this paper is devoted to illustrations of the Venetian palace home uptown to which it is soon to move. Mr. Bennett has hauled down his name from the editorial page where, until Sunday, May 13, it had stood from the foundation of the great journal created in 1835 by the genius of his father. The reason given is insufficient. The name should stand there forever, for in the provisions for perpetuating the *Herald* after his death there ought to be one that would keep James Gordon Bennett nailed to the masthead.

Mr. Bennett never comes here without doing something original, and he did not fail to keep up his reputation during his three days' visit last week. The town is still smiling over the following curious letter, which appeared in Sunday's *Herald*:

UNION CLUB,  
FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET,  
May 12, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. CROKER—Allow me to express to you my sincere thanks for having appointed my old friend, Mr. H. W. Gray, as Fire Commissioner.

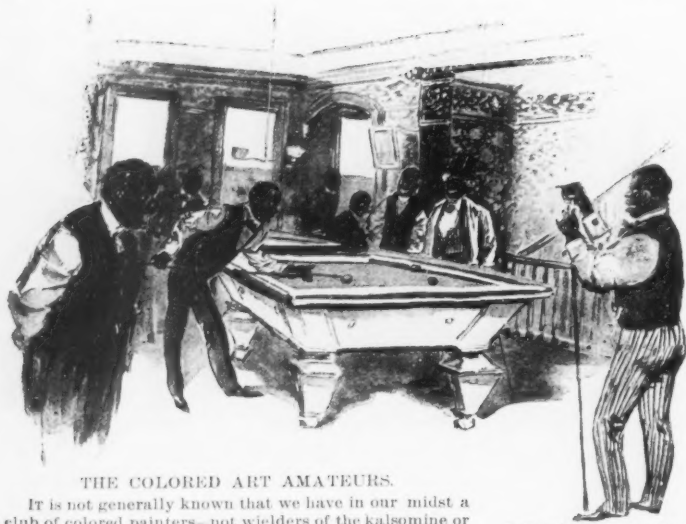
I shall never forget it.

Yours faithfully,  
J. G. BENNETT.

Was this a bit of sarcasm on the appointing power, or was it intended as a genuine mark of gratitude to the manager of Tammany Hall? Who can say? Mr. Bennett has gone, and nobody appears to know what he intended. But what a new departure it is! Time was when the proprietor of the *Herald* would have scorned to ask favors from any public official from President down.

It is proper to state that both the *Tribune* and *Sun* regard the letter as an ingenious attack upon Mr. Croker. The *Sun* even professes to give the true inwardness of the epistle, declaring that it was prompted by anger on the part of Mr. Bennett because the man who acted second to him in his duel with May—Howard Robbins—was not re-appointed fire commissioner.

T. B. CONNERY.



THE COLORED ART AMATEURS.

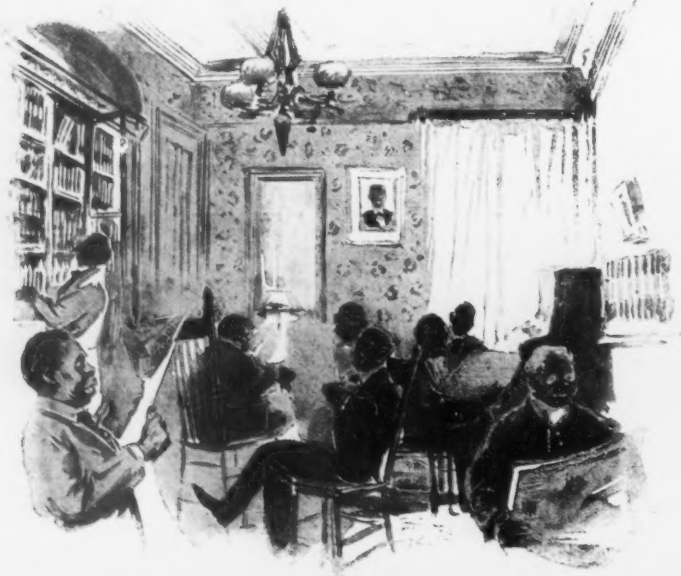
It is not generally known that we have in our midst a club of colored painters—not wielders of the kalsomine or white wash brush, but men of African descent who aspire to be genuine artists. They call themselves "The Manhattan Amateur Art League," and have their headquarters temporarily at No. 153 West Fifty-third Street. There went one of our own artists recently to study the "works



A GAME OF CARDS.

of art," and see what manner of men congregated in the place. The result of his visit is seen in the six sketches appearing in this number, from which the reader will get an idea of the new process of art development by cards, oiliards and music, as well as by brush and paint. The chief works displayed on the walls of the art room are by C. H. Blaines, T. A. Sweeting, J. A. Johnson and F. Hatfield, whose regular lines of business are as follows: Blaines is a porter in Durand's gallery; Sweeting, ditto, at Knoedler's gallery; Johnson is a butler, and Hatfield is a sleeping-car attendant.

Mr. Burns, to whose pencil we owe the sketches, has caught the exact pose and expression of many of the colored gentlemen found about the amateur club. The darky explaining the "val'able picters" with his peculiar African method of shoving out the palm of the hand, and the darky who is chalking his cue in the billiard game, reproduce faithfully well-known types. There is as much genius in small affairs at times as in the great events of life. Mr. Burns's sketches are a story in themselves.



THE LIBRARY.

## A CORNER FOR THE YOUNG.

### SOMETHING ABOUT PONIES.

Just as girls are interested in dolls, so boys are carried away both with, and by, ponies.

But there are ponies—and ponies. A small horse is by no means the animal intended to be described in the present article. The Cossacks of the Don and the Ukraine ride ponies which go by the same names as are used in connection with their masters; thus we say the ponies of the Don and the ponies of the Ukraine, but these are only a smaller breed of horses—not in the least like the pretty and playful creature we are coming to presently. There are also, in England, ponies of Dartmoor and ponies of Exmoor, and there are many other ponies of different countries which do not, however, fill the bill. It is a very curious fact that the real pony almost invariably lives on islands. Thus we have the Shetland pony, the Iceland pony, the pony of the Magdalen Islands (if you don't know where they are search your map in the

vicinity of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island), and there are the Sable Island pony, which island lies off the coast of Nova Scotia; a miserable bleak strip of sand having no purpose on earth apparently but to stand in the way of steamships and to raise ponies. There are ponies also in Sardinia and in Corsica; and, if in Newfoundland the place of the pony is taken by the well-known Newfoundland dog, that is merely a freak of Nature.

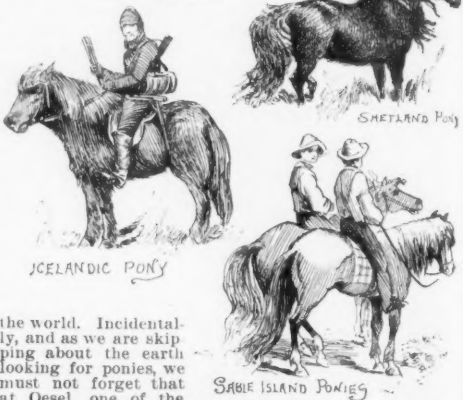
Of all the ponies known to boys and men, those of the Shetland Islands are the most familiar. Not infrequently they appear in auction sales in the great New York horse marts, while certainly they attract the greatest attention when they make their appearance in connection with the great circuses and other shows that from time to time go about the country. The Shetland pony is a low, stocky-built, chunky little chap, shaggy of mane, and with a long, handsome tail. Over the winding, crooked streets which are characteristic of the towns in the Shetland Islands, these ponies clatter along, dragging behind them small carts suited to their size. On market-days it is a quaint sight to watch them coming in from the country, having no bridle, but only a string about their neck, with pack saddles upon their backs, often so covered with bags of peat, or perhaps grass, that the pony can scarcely be seen at all.



CONCERT.

Why ponies should be specially consigned to islands is something past finding out. Islands are queer places anyhow. Where they are inhabited, they are usually believed also to have a population of fairies, or supernatural creatures of some kind or another. The Shetland Islands in particular furnish any number of stories about goblins and sorcerers. On these islands the hardy little ponies are reared in great numbers, and, curiously enough, there are also multitudes of rabbits, that burrow everywhere and are easily frightened from their hiding-places in scores. The Shetland pony is capable of real affection for his owner and boys who ride them generally make great pets of them.

It is a long leap from the Shetland Isles to the Magdalen Islands, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, half way between Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, and here too, you find a breed of ponies almost like those on the other side of the ocean. They speak French at the Magdalen Islands and it is a great fishing place, both for mackerel and seals, as well as cod and herring. The ponies are not so plentiful here as they are on some other islands, but they are very bright and chipper little fellows and are mostly sold in Halifax, Montreal, Quebec, and other cities in that part of



the world. Incidentally, and as we are skipping about the earth looking for ponies, we must not forget that at Oesel, one of the largest islands in the Baltic Sea, there is a special breed of ponies prized for their smallness.

Perhaps, after all, there is nothing more interesting in this connection than the story of Sable Island. This long strip of sand and sand-dunes lies eighty or ninety miles southeast from Nova Scotia. It is called Sable, not because it is black, nor because the animal bearing that name resides there, but simply because it is made of sand, and the French word for sand is *sable*. It is one of the most terrible spots on the whole Atlantic coast for shipwrecks, and the men of the life-saving service who live there have terrible tales to tell of weird and ghastly sights that are constantly recurring, having relation, as they believe, to the terrible wrecks that have occurred on this treacherous and shifting shore. Sable Island is said to have been discovered by the Norsemen in the ninth century. Three hundred years ago it was used as a convict settlement for France. At that time it is said to have abounded in black foxes, which were and are invaluable for their skins. There were then also plenty of specimens of the walrus, or great morse, but the principal attraction of Sable Island was its terrible shipwrecks and the stories of valuables of all sorts, which were said to have been picked up by the wreckers who lived there. Nobody knows when the ponies first made their appearance on Sable Island. Certainly for nearly two centuries they have been known there, and oddly enough, accompanied by wild rabbits, which abound, and brown rats, which swarm in prodigious numbers and seem to be constantly increased by accessions from the sea. The ponies are hardy, diminutive scrubs, with shaggy manes which cover the head and shoulders and sweep the ground. When there is a wreck these little fellows will gallop down to the very edge of the surf, drawing a lifeboat on a broad-wheeled cart, throwing up the sand in spurts as they run. Here it will be seen, the ponies are made truly useful, and many a tale is told by the life-saving crew of the sturdy toughness and the intelligence of these little animals.

Finally, to conclude our article about ponies, several of which will be found herein accurately illustrated, we must inform our young readers that even Iceland, terrible though it be with its volcano Mount Hecla, and its geysers, yet bears out the assurance with which we started, with regard to ponies. Iceland, like so many other islands, has its own breed of ponies; tough, hardy little fellows, that are most useful to the inhabitants for transportation and as beasts of burden. No one can tell, perhaps, the reason why islands should specially breed ponies, yet the fact, as we have shown, is not to be gainsaid.



ART EXHIBITION.





VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS, COMPLETED HER SEVENTY-FOURTH YEAR, MAY 24, 1893.



In the Upper Crust the preoccupation of the moment concerns the innovations which the foreigners are introducing. One of them, instituted by the Grand Duke at a recent and unchronicled dinner is worth noting. Here, in London, in Paris, too, for that matter, it is customary on leaving any little entertainment to thank your hostess for the hospitality you have enjoyed. But the Slavs have different ideas. They thank their hostess the moment the meal is done, and the hostess, instead of bowing wearily, kisses the forehead of her guest. If your hostess be young and pretty, you will find that that operation is absolutely painless. At the dinner alluded to the hostess was all that heart could desire, and so enticing did the ceremony seem when performed on the duke and his equerry, that the other men who were present fell promptly into line and underwent it too.

Another innovation introduced by this Tartar prince is Punctuality—which Mr. Oscar Wilde calls the thief of time and which is the courtesy of kings. With us, and in London, too, it is usual to leave your house at the hour when you are asked to dine. As a consequence, a dinner to which you are asked at eight is rarely served before eight-thirty. And, as the moments which elapse between your arrival and the first thimbleful of champagne are admittedly the most agonizing in life, there is not infrequently an effort to curtail those moments by coming as late as possible. At the stroke of eight, however, the Grand Duke appeared, and, as royalty is never supposed to wait, dinner was instantly announced, and the other guests, as they straggled in, were given the lesson which they needed.

Appropos to which a little tale is current. A lady invited a dozen or more to dine at eight. On the half hour all had arrived save two, a well-known man about town and his equally well-known wife. Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, and still no sign or rumor of the delinquents. At last, at a trifle after nine, the awaited lady minus her husband swam in the room.

"My dear," she cried to the hostess, "you must forgive me. Our house was on fire, and Jack has had to stop a bit to attend to the firemen. But he will be here presently. Do try to forgive me for keeping you waiting so long."

Fire of course is a thing which might detain even royalty. Forgiveness was readily accorded and without further delay the guests trooped in to dinner.

By the time the clams had gone and the soup as well, Jack appeared, kissed his hostess' hand and found his seat.

"Jack," called the wife from across the table. "How is the fire?"

"Fire!" answered the gentleman negligently. "What fire? The fire in your room? I dare say it is all right." The lie in which for joint protection his wife had coaxed him, had been entirely forgotten.

In connection with which an episode occurred to the writer which may perhaps bear narration. It was in London, and he had been asked rather formally to break bread at a certain house. On arrival he could not but remark an absence of any aroma of festivity, and as he entered the drawing-room, vaguely he conjectured, and marveled, too, at the look of surprise with which his entrance was greeted. But almost instantly his host came forward, and with a particularly gracious smile made him welcome.

"This is charming of you, dear boy. Many a time I have been a half hour late at dinner, twice even I have been a full hour behindhand. But to be late an entire week! no, I envy you your originality."

Through a mischance which can happen even to the most methodical the writer had confused his dates, a circumstance for which neither he nor his host subsequently cared a fig.

The smash-up in Cordage and the circus thereby afforded by circus-giving people is still the topic of the day. With the details every one is more or less familiar, though even otherwise this is not the place for their recital. The point is elsewhere. Here are a set of people who have entertained their friends in a fashion both lavish and delightful. Barely a fortnight ago those friends could not invent praises and compliments pleasant enough concerning them. To-day, where smiles were averted eyes, in place of compliments a shrug. This may be human nature, but in that case inhumanity is preferable. Every decent man considers himself bound to be loyal to a friend, particularly when it gives him no trouble and his friend is in the right, yet it should be just as incumbent on him to be loyal when that friend is in the wrong. And so it would be were there more of that sort of thing which is catalogued in the dictionary as Friendship. The present writer has elsewhere hazarded the theory that if you ruin a man's home he may forgive you, but do him a favor and you have an enemy for life—a theory which, while but a theory and so vicious that no one but a Chicago alderman would care to live up to it, is still a theory to which every observer could bring a supporting fact. But, as it has been noted before, and will be noted again, facts are fallacious. To probe the matter, then, less inexactly let us put it in a different light. Now, if it be true that the most favored lands are those which have no need of importations, then the most contented people are those that suffice unto themselves. But solitude is a delight that few appreciate. Men, and women, too, must air their pleasures and their griefs. In the sympathetic ear the pleasures are heightened, the griefs assuaged, and in search of that ear it is to those whom we hold as friends

we go. They will rejoice with us, we are sure, and to our enemies they will be rigorously unjust; and so they do, so they are, in fairy tales and pastorals particularly. As to contemporaneous end-of-the-century life, who has not seen men bear the misfortunes of a friend with an equanimity which was not only stoic in its grandeur, but pregnant with lessons of fortitude and grace? It must have been during some such spectacle that the sages catalogued friendship as perfection, and under the head of Perfection wrote, as De Banville in his work on poetry wrote under the heading of Poetic License—There is no such thing. If, as is alleged, the Cordage people taught their friends a trick in trade, their friends have paid them back in a worse coin than their own.

Another topic which is being amply discussed in Metropolitan dining-rooms is the spectacle made by a lady, who, to use a euphemism, had dined. In England such things happen. They are rarer here. As for our best men, they are absolutely abstemious. College boys get drunk now and again, and, having superb digestions, can afford to do so. But it is safe to say that never in the history of polite society has intoxication been as invisible as at the present hour. The three-bottle men known to our progenitors have gone, never to return. Going too, and very swiftly, are the partakers of the ante-prandial cocktail. For this there are more reasons than one. Women that are refined take really no pleasure at all in talking to a man who exhales alcohol and stupidity. Then, there is that very excellent custom, which is coming into vogue again at the clubs, of taking in the afternoon not a cocktail—than which no abomination ever devised is as ruinous to mind and body—but a cup of tea, unsugared, without milk, and flavored, if at all, only with a bit of lemon. In addition to this, and to the great good fortune of those whom fate compels to dine out six nights out of seven, all that old Saturnalia of white wines and red, of sherries, burgundies and liquors which made you feel so cheerful and conversational the next morning, has disappeared as utterly as though it never were. In its stead you get a champagne that is dry as a brandy and soda, and nothing else—no, not even a headache. This is as it should be, and when our dinner-tables are divested of such iniquities as crab meat, terrapin, truffles, fruit salads, yellow pastry, and green sauce, we will show better appetites and more common sense.

Are you going to the Fair? In an earlier issue of this paper the writer took occasion to point out that the pleasantest mode of travel is by means of that enchanted rug, the imagination. Given a library made up of histories and guidebooks and you can explore any land without so much as leaving your armchair. It is true that guidebooks are arid and histories dull, but it is these deficiencies that imagination supplies. Moreover, you are intrenched from discomfort. The traditional mote may settle on your eyeglass; but at least [there are no cinders, no bother, no hurry, no effort to catch a train, no six-by-four bedrooms, damp sheets, bad food, extortion, jostling crowds, banditti hackmen, practical porters, insolent waiters, nor any one of the other thousand provocatives of nervous prostration. You have no fatigue, not even that premonition which warns the sojourner in a Chicago hotel that he will be charged five dollars if he ring the bell and ten dollars if he doesn't. No; you are troubled by none of the things which, when you awake in the morning, make you query, "Where am I at?" You are at home, and the old song is not yet out of tune which says there is no place like it. In any event, Chicago isn't. If you happen to live in the neighborhood of Illinois, and, in addition, you are pugnacious, athletic, inured to hardship, robust and a millionaire, then, Perhaps—with a very big P—you might, after making your will, attempt a trip to the Fair. Otherwise, there is a trick far shrewder. The last king of Bavaria—one might almost say the last of real kings, for he was the only modern monarch who did exactly as he saw fit, and who, parenthetically, always saw fit to do beautiful and kindly things—used to sit alone in that splendid theater at Munich and have Wagner's operas performed by the best artists for his sole and unique benefit. Now could you, by some autocratic dispensation, be permitted to view the Fair by yourself, without discomfort, without annoyance, without the jostle and exhalations of the crowd, assuredly it might be both pleasant and instructive—were it not for the curious and well attested fact that there is nothing so wearisome as sight-seeing.

It is not only the body that becomes fatigued, it is the mind, the eye and ear as well. You are trying to absorb everything, and against that effort nature who, permits us to do but one thing at a time, rebels. Moreover, should you visit the Fair you will soon discover another cause of That Tired Feeling for which so many specifics are advertised. Your brain, unless it has been previously carefully and amply fattened and filled with information concerning every quarter of the globe, will become the haunt of interrogation marks. You will wonder, marvel and query, and you will wonder, marvel and query in vain. You will be asking yourself questions at the rate of sixty a minute, and that is just the way to become insane. If then, not being robust and rich, you would like to remain at home and at the same time see the sights; or if you are wealthy and strong and yet wish to preserve your reason—here is the trick alluded to. The day before yesterday the writer enjoyed the privilege of seeing everything worth seeing at the Fair, of having all his questions answered, of acquiring an enormous amount of delightful information and of making a trip not alone around the World, but all over it without leaving his armchair. He went from that orderly chaos which is known as London to Bokhara, where red lilies blow. He lounged on the broad highway of St. Petersburg and watched a bull-fight in Seville. From the ghosts and treasures of Rome he wandered among the almond groves of Samarcand. From Venice, which is the dream city of Europe, he sailed for Bangkok, which is the dream city of the East. On the

Unter den Linden he saw a parade of kings, in the Sultan's palace on the Bosphorus the gleam and glisten of houri eyes. He bathed with the crocodiles in Mexico and with their brethren in the Nile. He gazed at the ramparts of Quebec and into the questioning stare of the Sphinx.

He visited Caracas, Rio, and the enchanted uplands of Ecuador. At Kimberley he dug for diamonds and passed on thence to the wonders of Zanzibar. He was at Agra, Benares, Delhi, at Mecca and Jerusalem, too. The geisha girls danced before him in Yedo, as did the bayaderes in Bombay. He even went to Washington and came home by way of Chicago. And all this without so much as disturbing a hatbox or leaving his easy-chair. If you care to do the same let him recommend to your attention the sumptuous and profusely illustrated work by Archibald Wilberforce entitled "The Capitals of the Globe," a work which contains the fullest, the most accurate, up-to-date and altogether delightful descriptions of every political, commercial, artistic and sacred capital in Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America and the West Indies. All their wonders are there, their shrines, traditions, sensations and treasures. You get, too, an admirable idea of their relative political and commercial importance; their religious, artistic and climatic attractions; their geographical positions, physical features, history, population, industries, trade, traffic, currency, communications—yes, and their hotels. You see the inhabitants, their manners and customs, types and costumes, and therewith every information how to travel and what it costs.

If you insist on visiting the Fair, read that book first and perhaps then you will think that the pleasantest way to go sight-seeing is to sit, with "The Capitals of the Globe" in your lap, at home in your easy-chair.

Edgar Saltz

#### THE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

WITH the exception of the first Napoleon, no modern sovereign has been so frequently and extensively portraited as Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. Indeed, it may be questioned if the number of the queen's portraits which have been painted and those which have been published throughout the world is not even in excess of those of the French emperor.

Napoleon himself, however, sat for comparatively few portraits; a great many of the best portraits of him were produced by the artists from the few which had been made for which he had found time to give direct sittings. He was so impatient and nervous that he made but a poor sitter, even when he could be induced to favor an artist in this way. Both when David and when Greuze painted him, he would walk about all the time.

Queen Victoria, on the contrary, has always exhibited a ready willingness to submit to the ordeal of posing, both for the painter and the sculptor. She has, besides, submitted frequently to being photographed, and quite a number of sketches of her are extant which artists for the great illustrated journals of London were permitted to make from the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Lords at her various openings of Parliament. There have been twenty or thirty different sketches made on such occasions by Sir John Gilbert, George H. Thomas, Sydney Hale and other well-known artists.

All portraits painted of the queen are executed by what is known as a "special command." The artist who has been selected for the honor of picturing her is summoned to attend at her convenience, she fixing the dates and hours of the sittings. At these sittings he completes a careful study of her majesty in whatever style she may have decided upon; and, this being approved, he works it up into a finished picture, which must be also submitted to her approval before it can be publicly shown.

The same method is adopted with the sculptors. They execute in clay from sittings the foundation for the bust or figure, which afterward is to be finished in marble or bronze. Probably the only sculptor to whom the queen ever gave sittings for an actual completion of her bust is her daughter the Princess Louise, who is the author of several portraits in marble of her royal mother.

The portraits of the queen, which have appeared on the coins of her realm and on commemorative medals, have usually been made by the die cutters after a profile portrait selected by the queen for the purpose, although, in some cases, her majesty has given a special sitting. In this event the artist makes a careful profile study of her face in pencil, from which he models a design of the bust in wax. This model, having received the seal of approval, the die is made from it and, the coins are struck.

We give several portraits of Queen Victoria in this issue, appropriate to the celebration of her seventy-fourth birthday. In our group she is seen as child, girl queen, in coronation robes, and at successive periods of her life up to within a year or so of the present time. On May 24 last she began her seventy-fourth year in good health and spirits. She bids fair to reign still for many more years, barring accidents, and the day when Albert Edward will wear the crown may never be. In the opinion of many he is hourly in more danger of dropping off from his apoplectic build and full habits than is his august mother.

Now comes a certain Dr. Emmet Densmore with the astounding discovery that bread is the staff of death, not of life, as the world has been thinking all these centuries. His theory is that bread eating promotes drunkenness, and drunkenness tends to vice, and vice hastens death. Must bread go then with all the other good things the world has been accustomed to? Or is this Densmore only a crank, whose personal dyspepsia from bad bread makes him anathematize food that has sustained humanity from the earliest known days of the world? Let us hope so.

Mental exhaustion or brain fatigue  
Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.





BY JOHNSON BURT.

## IV.—KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BINNINGTON was one of the many thousand villagers who have thought their American country surroundings too small and mean to give full swing to a vigorous and irrepresible intellect. Of such men, the greater number flatter away their time around the stoves of country stores or barrooms, telling what they would do if they had a fair chance; of the remainder, a great many go to big cities in search of big opportunities, and afterward find themselves glad to accept employment paying barely enough to keep body and soul together.

Binnington, although he knew all this, went to New York himself in the course of time. He had heard scores of fellows, in the back room of the village store of which for many years he had been the only clerk, tell what they would do if only they could afford to go to New York and live there; some of the plans unfolded seemed so good that Binnington himself had put up a little money to help them through, but he had seen the projectors, without exception, come back to the village and explain that they would have succeeded had it not been for—well, there was infinite variety in the explanations, but behind them all Binnington was sure he discerned lack of capacity. "A hundred can plan where only one can finish"—Binnington recalled this line from the copybook of his school-boy days, and he assured himself, after much thought over the failures of other men, that he was above all things the sort of man to finish whatever he might undertake. If not, why not? Was he not courageous, patient, thoughtful, hopeful, persistent, and intelligent? What other and better qualities did any successful man ever start with? Money? Well, he had delayed venturing to the city until he had saved quite a lot of money—that is, quite a lot from the rural point of view.

He had done even better, for in the course of years he had succeeded in acquiring some city acquaintances. There is no village so small as not to be occasionally visited by some one from New York, and Binnington, who, like all country shopkeepers, was a good judge of human nature, never let a clever-looking city man leave the town without showing him some attention which would likely be remembered. Perhaps he would merely tell of some farmer whose wife "put up" superior butter for winter use; perhaps he himself had purchased and stored some oddity in old china or furniture which city people would give their heads for, and which he would sell at just cost, which never was much, but little favors of this kind are appreciated. Finally, when one day a rich city merchant, stranded in the town by a railway accident and compelled to remain over Sunday, told of the dullness of his home church while it was trying to select a new pastor, it was Binnington who put the merchant and the entire church under obligations by driving the gentleman a few miles from town to listen to a new and really very able young man who soon was coaxed to the city.

Shortly after Binnington himself went to New York; he did not shake the dust of his native village from his feet, but he left behind him all country manners of dress and speech. He had not studied fashion-plates and the pictorial weeklies and magazines for nothing. He knew how a gentleman should be dressed, and how one should carry himself, and he proved this so conclusively that he soon found himself a not unwelcome visitor to at least a dozen houses, through which he soon became acquainted in several times as many. City people who are worth knowing are slow to make new acquaintances, but when the feminine heads of families satisfied themselves that Binnington knew how to wear evening-dress, didn't make love and did go to church on Sundays, they agreed that he was a desirable acquisition. As for the men, when they found that the new man told good stories that they never had heard before, and didn't attempt to borrow money, and did have business which kept him from dropping in upon the rest of them during business hours, they took him to their hearts as a first-rate fellow—a character not at all common even in the largest city of the Continent.

But as time went on Binnington learned, at first to his surprise, and finally to his horror, that smart projects weren't half as attractive to city people as they were to him. He had brought at least forty brilliant business schemes to New York with him, some of which were original, and he was very careful as to his ways of springing them upon the people whom he most wished to interest; but he was frequently obliged to admit to himself that "Great minds think alike," for he found that some of the smart things which he had thought out during the slack hours of business at the village store had been taken to the city months or years before and were already in successful operation.

Worse still, nearly every man of his acquaintance, when Binnington got inside his waistcoat, had some smart project of his own which needed nothing but money to make it a grand success. What could any one do with such fellows? Merely leave them to their own devices and look elsewhere, and that was exactly what Binnington did; but the longer he followed this sensible plan the smaller became the number of acquaintances upon whom he could repose any hope. Almost any city man, when he talked confidentially to Binnington, would explain that his own line of business was so full of competition that there really was nothing in it but a bare living, but that if he, the man who made this admission, could only get the capital to develop a new scheme to which he had given the most careful attention there would be mil-

lions in it for all concerned. Indeed, Binnington himself lost several city friends by his inability to take stock in their several plans for amassing fortunes by a short cut. He explained honestly that he was merely city purchaser for a lot of country merchants, but he did not say that he was doing this work for nothing, merely for the purpose of being among business men and to seem to be doing something.

So Binnington, although he was fairly well liked by all who met him—although he went to dinners and occasionally gave dinners and tried to repay by special entertainments the courtesies which he received from certain families—found himself, after six months' residence in the city, richer only by experience—a commodity which has great value, although men frequently pay more than the proper market price for it. In other respects he was poorer, for the well-filled pocketbook which he had brought to the city, and which he always kept upon his person, was becoming thinner and thinner, with no prospect of being filled anew. He kept up a brave show of spirits when in company, but when alone with himself he was greatly troubled by the seriousness of the face he saw in the mirror at the family hotel where he lived.

To make matters worse, he had reason to believe that the elder Miss Race, a charming daughter of one of his city acquaintances, had become very fond of him. He felt immensely flattered; he was sure he was over head and ears in love with Miss Race, but he had always fought shy of love in his home village, believing that no man should propose to a woman until he could see his financial way clear to an early marriage. But if he, Binnington, hadn't been able to marry in the country, where five hundred a year was a competence, what hope was there for him in New York, where the mere rent of a house called for three times five hundred? The girl's father would probably do something decent for his daughter when she married, but Binnington was not the kind of fellow to live on his wife's family.

The longer he thought, the less became the money in his pocket, and the day came when he could truthfully say to himself that only one more month of New York life remained to him. He could not economize, for he was not extravagant, and he had no vices. His stock of original stories, too, though carefully hoarded, was running low; and he had learned that it never would do in New York, and among the fellows of his set, to tell the same story a second time, except by special request. He had cautiously tried his smart projects, one by one, upon almost all the men whom he knew, yet not a single one of them had materialized into a stock company with himself as manager at a pleasing salary. He had no personal property which would realize anything at sale, or even at the pawnbrokers. And he did so want to extend some delicate and gentlemanly courtesies to Miss Race!

The fateful month hurried along as if the only business of Father Time was to "light fools the way to dusty death." Binnington devoted himself to the duty of making new acquaintances, all of whom seemed to like him, but none of them had time or money to give to new projects. More depressing and startling than anything else, the bookkeeper at his hotel, the very fellow upon whom he had wasted some of his best jokes, all original, and who sometimes had let his bill run for several weeks before presenting it, suddenly began to put a bill into his box every Saturday as regularly as the day came round. Binnington always had thought that bookkeeper had an intuitive knowledge of human nature, but—hang him!—why should he show it in this particular way?—and just when Miss Race had become too entirely enthralling to be left by a man whose only place of refuge was the principal store of a little village?

The situation became desperate. Binnington began, for the first time, to look for something to do. He had learned to be particular as to any occupation he might adopt in New York, so it was not strange that no attractive opening presented itself. One night at a reception, where he saw Miss Race across the room yet did not trust himself to approach her, he secluded himself in the men's dressing-room, where he found no company but an owlish individual who persisted in talking of the condition of the country and of the world in general. Binnington didn't entirely like the man's looks, but any company is better than none when a fellow is threatened with the blues; besides, the young man, while a country clerk, had absorbed many hundreds of columns of editorials in city newspapers and thought long over them afterward.

"I don't know who you are," said the owlish individual, after an hour and a half of discussion of the affairs of the world, from China to Peru, "but if you write as well as you talk our paper will be glad to consider something from your pen for our editorial page. For instance, what you've just been saying about the possibility of reducing the trotting record to two minutes has an air of novelty about it. If you'll put it into black and white and give it to me before midnight I shall be glad to use it in to-morrow's paper. I'm Scribsharp, the editor."

Binnington, by a violent effort, saved himself from paralysis, and said, with thanks for the editor's courtesy, that the copy should be delivered on time. The editor asked that it be delivered to him in person, and when he had read it he made Binnington promise to send in something each day, just to lighten up the columns and prevent the page seeming the same old story that it had been for years.

Whew! Binnington seemed to walk on air that night as he returned to his hotel; indeed, he was so careless that when he reached his hostelry he found himself muddled from head to foot by the spattering of a street-sweeper. The hotel clerk noticed it, and got the young man's weekly bill in several hours earlier than usual. Binnington had previously been desperate enough to send some flowers to Miss Race, and he had only enough money left to take him back to his native village, should all else fail. What a mean-souled scoundrel that hotel clerk was!

Binnington canvassed the situation all night, when he ought to have been asleep. In the morning he called upon

the father of Miss Race—a gentleman whom he had been encouraged to address by his first name, and said: "Jim, I've got a brilliant and safe thing ahead; but I need, for thirty days, a thousand dollars more than I have on hand. I assure you that I won't take any risks with it, and I wish you would lend it to me."

"You shall have it, my boy," said Mr. Race, who chanced to be the only man upon whom Binnington had not inflicted any of his money-making schemes. "For thirty days, did you say? Just give the cashier your note for it."

Binnington took the check, got the cash for it, and then sat down to think. He really needed only the fifteen dollars which his hotel bill called for; should he invest—that was the word he used—should he invest the remainder in one of his schemes, or take care of it, in honor to the man who had trusted him? He thought long, but finally went to his hotel.

"Excuse me, Mr. Binnington," said the bookkeeper blandly, "but could you conveniently leave us the amount of your little bill this morning? Last day of the month, you know, and—"

"Glad you mentioned it, my dear fellow," said Binnington blithely. "Reminds me that I've a lot of money in my pocket that would be safer in your safe. Here it is—a thousand dollars; take the amount of your bill out of it—I guess I'll take fifty myself, and give me a receipt for the remainder."

The bookkeeper rubbed his eyes; he thought he had sized up Binnington, but apparently there was some mistake, for the fellow was flush. The bookkeeper was so astonished that he told a lot of the "star boarders" that Binnington was one of the coolest, safest men he had ever seen.

Somehow things went well with Binnington after that. Nobody though he was, regarded financially, he succeeded in finding a part of the city which needed a national bank, he got all the stock subscribed, and he succeeded in being elected president, although the board of directors kept a close eye on him for several years. Many years afterward, when Miss Race had become Mrs. Binnington and was the happy mother of several children, Binnington told his father-in-law the circumstances in which he borrowed a thousand dollars—he had merely needed to pay a hotel bill, he was assured of employment for some time afterward, and he hadn't really spent but fifteen dollars of the thousand, keeping the remainder on deposit until he had earned enough to return the entire sum borrowed. Then he said:

"Honestly, now, Jim, if I'd asked you for only the small sum I needed what would have happened?"

"Well," said Mr. Race, without a moment's hesitation, "I'd have lent it to you; but I'd have thought you were pretty far gone."

"And you'd not have given me your daughter?"

"You may safely bet your life I wouldn't. I'm not certain now that you didn't get her through false pretenses."

"H'm! I certainly did keep up appearances for all I was worth."

"That's true, and that was all that saved you."

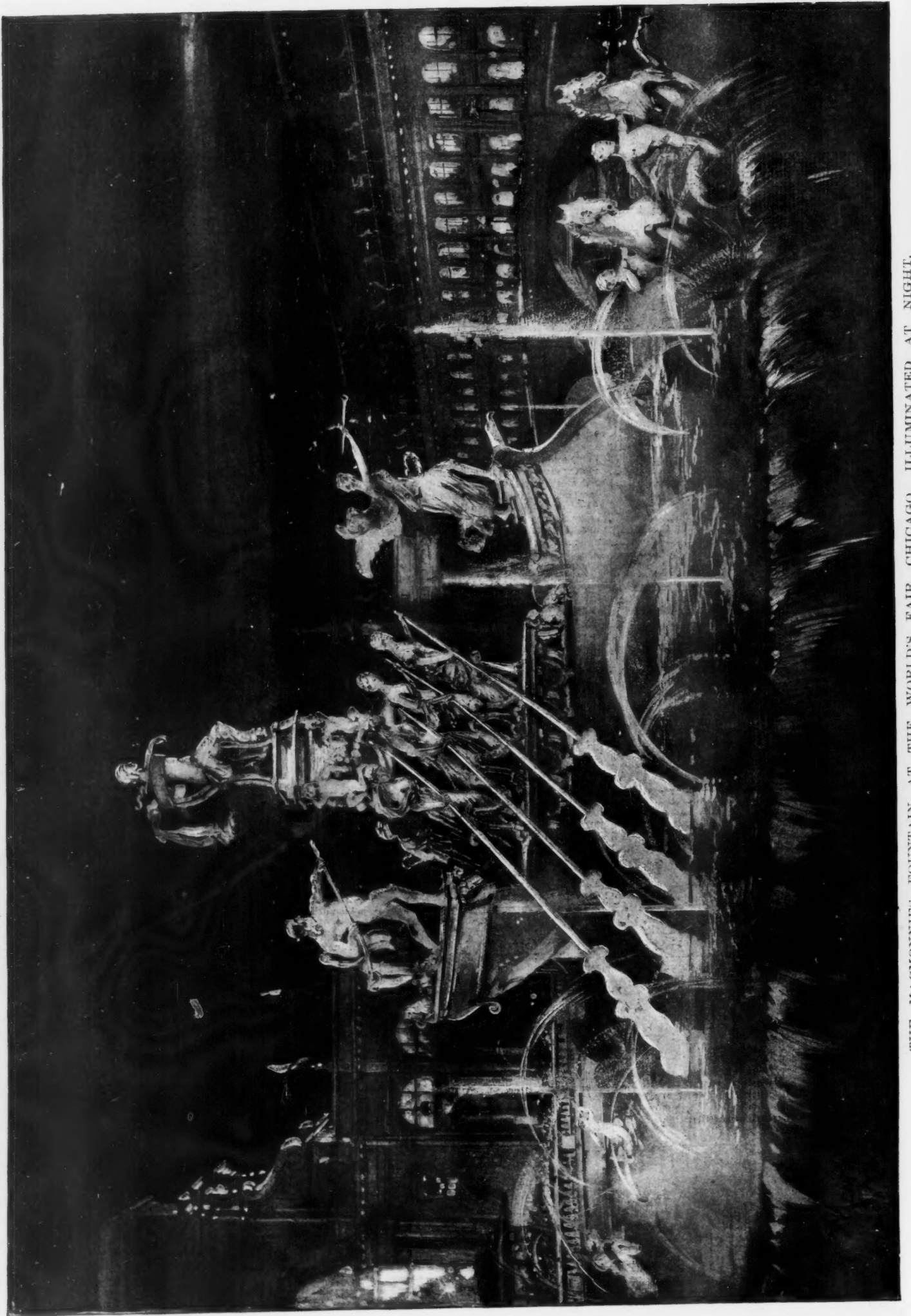
"Blessed be appearances, then," said Binnington devoutly; "that is, when a fellow is man enough to live up to them."

TRUSTS can make commodities cheaper for the purchaser. With competition stifled it will be in their power also to fix prices and raise them. Let them get established once, and their superior organization and development will put competition out of the question. Is it safe to entrust them with the power to do these things? It is not a question of what will they do, but what can they do.

If the tariff is to be materially changed, and if it is true that the prices of many articles at present depend upon the tariff, what becomes of Mr. Cleveland's promise that no American industry is to be disturbed during the present Administration? Furthermore, the danger from "breakers ahead" is intensified by the darkness and uncertainty in which future legislation is enveloped. That extra session of Congress ought to be called before the hot weather, so that "protected industries" may know where they and we are at.



JINKS—"Since Partly began to exercise to reduce his flesh he has become a veritable Indian."  
FILKINS—"How so?"  
JINKS—"He has been lying in weight ever since."



THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO. ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT.





## THE SOLDIER SLEEPS.

BY THOMAS CALVER.

He sleeps, the soldier sleeps, no more  
To wake at break of day,  
To hear the morning gun's glad roar  
In echoes die away;  
No more to hear the bugle note  
Borne on the waking breeze,  
Or see the smoke from camp-fires float  
Above the arching trees;

No more to breathe the incense sweet  
From soldiers' homely fare,  
As busy hands and hurried feet  
The morning meal prepare;  
No more the breakfast call to hail  
With merry quip and jest,  
Or haste to greet the tardy mail  
From those he loved the best;

No more to see the banner bright  
Its lovely folds unfurl  
Against the sky's soft amber light  
And clouds of gold and pearl;  
No more at mounting of the guard  
To take his place in ranks,  
Or reap the morn-relief's reward—  
The weary sentry's thanks;

No more to pass the long, long day  
On lonely picket post,  
Where oft the bushes, far away,  
Seem an advancing host;  
No more to speed the weary hours  
With dreams o'er fragrant pipe,  
Or plucking dear, familiar flowers  
Or luscious berries ripe;

No more the camp-fire's genial glow  
At eventide to seek,  
Where tales of love and joy and woe  
The laugh or tear bespeak;  
Or as the blackened brierwood bowl  
Its cheering vapor breathes,  
To see sweet visions gently roll  
Along the fleecy wreaths.

He sleeps, the soldier sleeps, no more  
To waken to the fray,  
The cannon's loud defiant roar,  
The bugle's blatant bray,  
The shout of sentries rushing in,  
The long roll of the drum,  
The shell's wild scream and horrid din,  
The bullet's deadly hum,

The battle line, the gleaming steel,  
The volley's blinding flash,  
The charge, the stricken comrade's reel,  
The vengeful forward dash,  
The grandeur of the serried rank  
As o'er the field it sweeps,  
The struggle on the breastwork's bank—  
For, lo! The soldier sleeps.

Sweet be his sleep, for all he had—  
His life—he freely gave  
That o'er a land with peace made glad  
The flag he loved might wave;  
And while his grave the chaplet bears  
Above its lowly sod,  
The crown of duty done he wears  
Before the throne of God.





No ONE who has girls of his own can help feeling solicitous about the condition and the prospects of the American girl of to-day. She is always a conspicuous figure, and demands, at least, notice, if not unqualified admiration.

Emerson says that one of the surest tests of civilization is the influence of good women. And truly, such influence is beyond calculation. A good woman or girl, beautiful, true and tender, with the refinement that comes from healthy and intelligent heredity, and the gentleness that is not incompatible with courage and steadfastness, is the greatest blessing of God to mankind. I cling to the belief that the American girl is destined to fulfill this ideal; and even that, ever and anon, she fulfills it now. But in these *fin de siècle* times, many ingredients are working together in the social pot-pourri, and not all of them can be salubrious ones.

It has been said that women are what men make them. This is more true in the wider sense than in the narrower one.

The sympathies of sex are paramount. There cannot be a good and wise race of men side by side with a corrupt and foolish race of women. And the reverse is also true. But the initiative is with the men, and they must be held primarily responsible for the defects and vices of society.

When women marry, they want a husband. In the legal sense, no doubt they get one. But the legal sense does not satisfy them. The bond is there, but often the companionship and the spiritual union are wanting. Marriage awakens their nature and arouses in them innumerable shy but infinite expectations, which they cannot name, but which they desire only the more profoundly to see fulfilled. These longings demand satisfaction; and if they be not satisfied in the natural and legitimate way, they will seek the missing element elsewhere and otherwise.

The husband has two lives apart from his married life—his business and his club. These have existed with him before marriage, and in most cases they persist afterward. But a day contains only four-and-twenty hours, and no man can be at once both a bachelor and a benedict.

I am not now going to suggest that the hours of business might be shortened, or that the club life might be given up. Either of these reforms would be radical, and—most people will say—impracticable. I only mean to indicate what are their results on the woman.

She is left for hours without her legitimate life-comrade. Not seldom she sees him barely once or twice a day—in the morning when he is but half awake, and what thought he has is directed toward the duties that await him downtown; and at night, when he is weary or jaded, with work or dissipation, and unfitted to comprehend or respond to his wife's heart. She is full of thoughts and impulses that should be given vent; but they are cast back upon her, and she finds no way to "cleanse her stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon her heart." Either she must live voiceless and undemonstrative, or she must discover persons and environment that will relieve her of the daily increasing burden. And since the last marital privilege that a husband surrenders or abdicates is that of jealousy, she must use concealment and deceit. The things concealed are, at first, innocent enough in themselves; but in time they become less so, and suspicion is the surest agent to bring to pass the thing that it suspects.

Thus it comes to pass that the married women of our social life grow to be intriguers, and careless of the most precious jewel of their souls. It is not a spontaneous fault in them; it is the inevitable rebound of starved or abused nature. Of course, there are exceptions both ways; some women do not need temptation to go wrong, and some never become the victims of temptation. But there remains a large body of married women who would have been loving and honorable wives, had they been treated with common justice by the men they married.

It may be objected here, that the modern woman of society is not the best type of our women, in respect to those virtues that contribute to the ideal; but that these should be sought among the humbler portion of our population, where life is simpler and closer, and both work and pleasure are shared between the woman and the man. It is no doubt true that many of the evils of society are absent from rural and unfashionable life; but so, likewise, are the refinements and accomplishments which must enter into a conception of feminine perfection. We must live to the full compass of our capacities and opportunities, and not consent to descend to a lower level merely in order to avoid danger. Loveliness and nobility of character are not attained in that way. We shall never be secure so long as we are afraid to be in the highest sense civilized.

Now, it need not be said that the mother is the maker of her daughter. If the former finds no fit life at home, and therefore tries to find a life of some sort elsewhere, the daughter is ignorant of the meaning of home from the start. She thinks home means merely the house in which she habitually eats and sleeps. In the same way, many people grow up to the belief that church is the big building, with or without a spire, in which people go once a week to hear music, show toilets, and meditate on worldly matters during the sermon. There is nothing holy or lovable in either conception, and the sense of reverence is killed by neglect. The contemporary society girl is in danger of becoming rotten before she is ripe. She picks up slang words and slang ways before she is old enough to comprehend their meaning; she becomes in-

flated at a preposterously *je jeune* period into what has been called the American Joke, meaning thereby the habit of turning a dry current of conventional ridicule on everything, from the mystic magnetism of erinoline to the miracle of the Divine Trinity. The inner sanctities of the heart are insidiously profaned by "humor," and the grand object of existence is defined to be undergoing a constant succession of minor excitements, which corrupt, without ever satisfying, the appetite. But, though the senses and the outer mind is dulled, the inner soul remains as insatiable as ever; and in order to meet its requirements, other excitements must be had; with the usual absurd and tragic catastrophe of an infinite need demanding nourishment of a finite organization.

Among the things first brought to the attention of the society young lady, is the expediency of establishing relations with as many society young men as possible. It is not merely expedient to obtain this following; it is essential to social consideration. For if the young men be absent, what can be the inference, except that the girl is deficient in attractive power? But competition in this, as in other branches of industry, is excessive, the rather because there happen to be more females than males in the community. Consequently, when ordinary means fail, extraordinary ones must be resorted to. If beauty and intelligence are wanting, there still remain sex and audacity. But the beautiful and clever also possess these attributes, and cannot be expected to refrain from enlarging their empire by their use; so that we see the broad majority of unmarried girls in society, exercising all the arts of mature women before they have arrived within a measurable distance of womanhood.

Premature mingling with men breeds perceptions and desires which are not less premature. Youths are by education and custom freer than girls, and girls are by instinct and organization less gross and self-indulgent than youths. In a natural state of society the presence of pure women abashes and rebukes male coarseness, but when the effort of the woman or girl is to suppress all signs of being less knowing and smart than the men what reason have the latter for restraint? On the contrary, they are prompted to go a little further, and a little further yet, until they have reached a point whither the girls finally dare not follow them.

But again, though girls are spontaneously less gross than men, they feel the pressure (even yet) of greater outside restraint; and against this restraint the Old Adam, not to mention the example of their mothers, prompts them to rebel. They learn, more or less distinctly, what the men do to amuse themselves; and they find in some novels, and in the speculations of "advanced" thinkers, a warrant for believing that they have as good a right to take their "license in the field of time" as have their male acquaintances. They have the right; but will they exercise it? In the vast majority of cases, No. Nevertheless, the outermost barriers of maidenly restraint have been overthrown, and if no further mischief ensue it is rather because of considerations of prudence and expediency than from those lofty motives without which virtue itself loses its charm and value. At best, the moral fiber deteriorates, and they become flippant and unimpressible. When girls brought up in this manner are finally married the spectacle of the wedding is not always as cheering to the mind as it is enchanting to the eye. Nothing can be prettier than the decorations of the church, the dresses of the bridal party and the glittering array of wedding presents on the table at home; but if one could penetrate into the hearts of the bride and groom, or forecast the domestic events of their next few years, it might take some of the perfume out of the flowers and the shine out of the silver-ware.

But the influences which go to mold the character of our society girls are not confined to those above indicated. Not a little might be charged to the paragraphs and columns in the daily press which contain those items of "news" which are essential to the pecuniary prosperity of the journal, but are anything but beneficial to the moral nature of girls. The occurrences thus described really happened; and the fact that they are few in comparison with the magnitude of the population is not considered. They are examples, and bad examples; and at some moment of weakness they may tip the scale on the wrong side. The newspapers exist because of the demand for them; the proprietors cannot be charged with wanting to do harm. They do not print their descriptions of crimes and horrors for girls to read. But girls read them, and it is not easy to do so and at the same time retain the delicate bloom of maidenly innocence and purity.

Possibly, however, the root of the trouble lies deeper than this. I am a staunch believer in the democratic theory set forth in the Constitution of these States, and I am sure that the equality of men before God and the Law is an essential of human progress and happiness. But I am not less sure that many of the first workings of practical democracy produce serious evils. We are leveling down, and not up. Doubtless, when we are down, we shall begin to rise again as a whole; but that epoch is still in the future. Our most obvious characteristic at present is lack of mutual respect for one another, and of reverence for anything. Here, as in Europe, there are separate classes—separate in education, in origin, in objects, in taste and cultivation. But the democratic law violently makes them equals. And it is no more than was to be expected that the lower classes should attempt first of all to assert their equality in the very directions in which they secretly feel themselves inferior. The noble sentiment of "A man's a man, for a' that," is run into the ground, and made the excuse for insolence, quarrelsomeness and violence. Anything like good manners—the regard of one person for the decent privileges of another—is necessarily lost sight of, lest it should be inferred that the concession was due to conscious inferiority. Young women in shops call themselves salesladies, not because they are ladies, but precisely because they are not, and accept this means of keeping the word of promise to the ear while denying it to the hope. People who have good things do not need to

proclaim the fact; they know that they are safe; but those who are destitute of them, and have not the opportunity or the inclination to acquire them, adopt the short method of asserting the empty claim. The clerk in the hotel or the business office has none of the training or instincts of a gentleman, and therefore he wears "faultless" clothes and a bearing of supercilious impertinence. The hackman and the horse-car conductor must needs be a gentleman too, and he conceives the character as a bully and a black-guard. In short, democracy, for the lower orders, means pretense without performance.

The effect on the upper classes, meanwhile, is peculiar. The lady or gentleman is obliged to admit that our constitutional usage does declare one person to be as good as another. They of course must be inwardly aware of their superiority; but they also know that any attempt to assert it would be followed by an unseemly wrangle, in which they would be sure to come out second best. They naturally shrink from such a prospect, and from subjecting themselves to insult; and they therefore discount trouble by putting forth the meekest and most conciliating possible demeanor. They smile at bad language as if it were humor, and swallow the most wanton impudence as if it were winning badinage. They dare not, in brief, call their souls their own; and finally, having surrendered all claim to independence and respect, end by losing their respect for themselves and for one another. Things are said and done every day in our fashionable clubs and drawing-rooms and in all meeting-places of society which would not be tolerated in similar places abroad, and are indefensible anywhere. The rough horse-play that one sees on the floors of our exchanges is an outrage on decency, and is directly traceable to our shallow and cowardly interpretation of the theory of democracy.

Such being their environment, how shall our girls avoid the contagion? They, too, are democratic; they either claim privileges they have no right to, or they abjure those which any woman of self-respect ought to enjoy as a matter of course. They cultivate a marry-come-up, well-met, hand-in-glove manner among their friends and associates which renders at once out of the question any of those beautiful ceremonies and refinements of social intercourse which are all that redeem it from commonplace vulgarity. The confused and promiscuous waltz takes the place of the stately and fastidious minuet; and the substitution is symbolic of what has occurred all along the line.

Providence can never make a mistake, and doubtless the evils which have been hinted at here are as inevitable to the evolution of better and higher things as the throwing out of a rash on the skin is to the freeing of the interior organs from disease. The obviousness of our faults may be a sign of a vigorous internal impulse toward health and purity. We do not aim to suppress them, but to eradicate them; moral dermatology has its place, as well as intestinal therapeutics.

*Julian Hawthorne*

## THE REAL POWERS OF THE PRESS.

THE faces of the most prominent newspaper owners of New York are as well known, perhaps, as those of the most notable politicians. Their pictures are so often in the illustrated papers and their names so constantly in people's mouths that the public has no chance to forget them. But just under the owners are the managers, or managing editors, persons very little known outside their own sanctums a decade ago, though then, as now, they were the real powers of the press—the real directing minds in the background, modestly hiding behind the more conspicuous figures of the owners. But times have changed. The owners no longer quite dwarf their skilled lieutenants, and the outside world now hears much and often of the managing editors. On page 13 of this number we give the portraits of seven of the most prominent of the managers of the metropolitan press grouped around the most notable manager and owner of the country, he who runs his own paper while yet also its proprietor.

Of James Gordon Bennett—the central figure in our illustration—who is at once owner, editor and managing editor, the world knows ample. He comes, and he goes when he lists, but wherever he may happen to be it is his policy to keep hold of the reins of government tightly. No one since the time of Hudson and one of Hudson's successors, who shall be nameless, has ever had more than the mere semblance of directing power. Joe Howard said not very long ago, and truly, that all the power resides in J. G. Bennett himself. On his last visit, a few days ago, Mr. Bennett astonished the newspaper world by taking his name from the paper, a proceeding which is explained by his lawyer, Mr. John Townshend, to mean only that the paper is hereafter to be run by a corporation with a capital stock of twenty thousand shares, of which Mr. Bennett himself will retain eighteen thousand. But why is that fact a reason for withdrawing the honored name from the head of the paper? Until now the *Herald* has always been Bennett and Bennett has always been the *Herald*.

JOHN W. KELLAR, manager of the *Recorder*, was born in Bourbon County, Ky., and is now only thirty-six years old, being one of the youngest men in charge of a great metropolitan daily. Before joining the *Recorder* under Howard Carroll, its first owner, he was connected with *Truth*, the *Dramatic News*, the *World*, the *Times* and the *Press*. At the very beginning of his career he made his mark as an entertaining and always reliable writer, and since taking charge of the *Recorder* has displayed marked skill and judgment. No one is more popular, and justly so, on the New York press.

COL. G. M. HARVEY, the new manager of the *World*, since Ballard Smith's retirement, like Kellar, is comparatively young on the press. His rise to prominence in the newspaper world has been sudden, but richly deserved.



Since taking charge of the great paper he has shown himself a journalist born to command and to succeed. Never was the leviathan better handled; never was it marked by greater originality and boldness. It may be said truly that Mr. Pulitzer has at last found the right man to direct the course of his paper during his enforced absence from the helm.

MR. JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, manager of the *Morning Journal*, is a poet of no mean order, as well as a newspaper man of true newspaper instincts. He was formerly on the *Herald*, which perhaps never possessed a night editor of greater breadth and capacity. But great as were his merits, he was buried in such a position on the *Herald* which he served well and faithfully for many years. Albert Pulitzer never displayed better judgment and tact than when he selected Mr. Clarke as his permanent *locum tenens*. But Mr. Clarke should shine at the head of the greatest, with fair play and no favor. Personally his preference would be to have leisure to give to a higher order of literary work than the duties of an active newspaper manager allows. But still he finds time occasionally to show the reading public the good quality of work of which he is capable when a book bearing his name is issued by the publishers.

CHESTER SANFORD LORD, manager of the *Sun*, comes from Central New York, where he was born forty years ago. He is a graduate of Hamilton College, and began his newspaper career on the *Utica Herald* and the *Oswego Advertiser*. Twenty years ago he joined the reporter corps of the *Sun*, and has been connected with that journal, in various capacities, ever since. He was made managing editor of the paper twelve years ago, and has held that post to the present day. Mr. Lord is a member of the Union League Club, the Lotos Club, the Sigma Phi Club and the Crescent Athletic Club.

HENRY N. CARY, manager of the *New York Times*, gained his first newspaper experience on his father's weekly paper, the *La Cygne (Kan.) Journal*, where he learned the printer's trade. Mr. Cary went to work on the Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* when about eighteen years old. Soon after he became night editor of the *Sentinel*, and then went to St. Paul (Minn.) as city editor of the *Dispatch*. He returned to Milwaukee, and, when but twenty-three years old, was managing editor of the *Sentinel*. Mr. Cary has been twice managing editor of the *Chicago Times*, several times night editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and has had much experience on the *New York papers*. He came to the *New York Times* from the *Chicago Tribune*. Let us hope that his past career is an evidence of his capacity for the management of a metropolitan journal.

DONALD NICHOLSON, manager of the *Tribune*, is an old *attaché* of that paper in many capacities, and always to the satisfaction of his distinguished chief, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. There is no more competent manager on the daily press, though outside of newspaper circles he is little known—a fact which is largely due to his native modesty and disrelish of notoriety. During the absence of Mr. Reid as our Minister to France, Mr. Nicholson's management of the *Tribune* was marked by good taste and sound judgment.

MR. JOHN ALDEN was until quite recently the directing mind of the *Morning Advertiser* under Colonel Cockerill. On the surface he did not appear much, but in reality it was his pen and his administrative ability that made success of the dangerous experiment of rolling two moribund papers into one to produce the spark of renewed life. He is a graceful, facile and intelligent writer.

MR. ALLAN FORMAN does not belong to the group of daily newspaper managers, but he has made himself felt so strongly as one of the powers of the press of New York that it is only fair to include him in the first section of our journalistic gallery. He is editor and proprietor of the *Journalist*, which was founded several years ago by quite another kind of newspaper man. In its early days the paper was noted for disagreeable personalities, which have disappeared since Mr. Forman assumed its direction. Now it is devoted to newspaper gossip, generally very instructive as well as entertaining. Success to Mr. Forman and his paper.

#### OUR NEXT NOVEL—"MARIE."

We shall issue with No. 8 of Vol. XI. the original and fascinating novel "Marie," by Lillian Herbert Andrews. It is a story of Parisian life, and includes some thrilling scenes, with such places of fearful interest as the Morgue and the Catacombs for a background. The characters are genuinely Parisian, and in fact the local color throughout is so strong that one feels bodily transported to the great capital, so full of beauty and mystery, lovely and wicked Paris. In execution, this interesting story leaves nothing to be desired. The finished and fluent style bears a *cachet* of distinction, a charm which the reader will not be slow to perceive, as it pervades every page of this unique little volume.

#### THE MORGUE.

Were ye so weary, then, and void of hope,  
O white-faced company of silent dead,  
That courage failed ye at the last to cope  
With care, so in a grave unhalloved  
Ye chose to fall? O, rash and fearful choice!  
To fling the treasure of your lives away  
Back in the face of God, before His voice  
Had summoned you to judgment. Who shall say  
What fate befell you when the muddy wave  
Of mud'rous Seine closed round you in embrace  
Of certain death, beyond all power to save?  
Your secret this and God's, of which no trace  
Lurks in your fixed features' locked repose.  
I fain would think God's wondrous, patient love  
Wrought on your callous spirits at the close,  
And not in vain, to sweet repentance strove  
To win you. Lo, I pass into the light—  
The dear glad sunshine of the summer day—  
Not wholly downcast by the dreary sight  
Of this dim, dismal chamber's pale array.  
Men hasten by unheeding what is here,  
Each on his separate task or pleasure bent;  
Yet ev'n of these, to-morrow we shall hear  
That some have followed in the way ye went.

LILY E. F. BARRY.

## BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.



BRIDE TELEPHONES TO THE WEATHER DEPARTMENT FOR A FINE WEDDING DAY.

THE grand march of June brides to the altar is just at hand, and every mother's daughter in the line should feel in duty bound to respect time-honored traditions ancient and modern.

Not only must she be sure of her footing in matters of *fin de siècle* etiquette, but she must look alive that she go not counter to venerated superstitions.

This caution might involve research not easily to be undertaken by the planner of a modern trousseau. Let her therefore lend an ear to warning.

It may be assumed that she has respected tradition that has frowned, from time immemorial, on marriages in May, this flowery month being held especially unlucky to a bridal pair. Death or misfortune is supposed to follow within a year from the time of a May marriage.

Every parson's wife can testify that this superstition has a marvelous restraining power upon the matrimonially inclined, since her purse invariably grows lank for lack of wedding fees in May.

The bride should get upon the best of terms with the weather bureau, as the quality of weather furnished upon



THROWING ROSES AT BRIDE.

her wedding day is supposed to typify the condition of the marriage skies. "Happy the bride the sun shines on," is the all-important saw on the wedding day.

Let the tiring-maids be sure that the bridal toilet includes—

"Something white and something blue,  
Something borrowed, something new."

even if the latter essential be an unsoiled bridal gown.

The superstitious bride will be careful to throw away every pin used in her wedding attire, to avert the ill-luck



THE BRIDE THROWING AWAY THE PINS.

that would attend their subsequent use. On the other hand, let the unmarried friends of the bride scramble eagerly for these cast-away pins, for they may base their hopes of a speedy marriage for themselves upon the possession of one of these pointed souvenirs. Fragments of the bridal bouquet are held to be equally desirable for this purpose.

A prudent young woman will decline to serve for the third time as bridesmaid, out of respect to the ancient warning: "Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride."

The bridal veil should not be omitted. Its wearing is the survival of a Roman custom, and betokens modesty on the part of the bride. The wearing of a white satin bridal robe is held to be unlucky, notwithstanding the prevalence of the custom. Fashion has asserted her sway over prejudice in this matter, and still more decidedly in regard to the time-honored superstition which forbade the best man to bring ill fortune upon a bridal couple by wearing a black coat. Possibly English superstition may hold that the wearing of a pink shirt by this dignitary casts a rosy glow over the future of the happy pair. On that point, authority is silent.

At all events, no wedding guest should appear at the bridal robed in black. The best man must be a relative of the groom, and must by no means stumble on his way to the altar. This misfortune is held to be especially ominous wherever it may be experienced.

The wedding ring is supposed to bring sorrow if it contains a diamond or any stone to break the golden circle.

The loss of the wedding ring is held to be especially ominous, and many wives have a superstitious dread of removing the ring from the finger on which it is placed at the marriage. The bridegroom must remove his gloves before the bride takes off her own, to receive the ring.

The postponement of a wedding is considered most unlucky, some believers in this superstition even going so far as to hold a marriage and a funeral service on the same day in a household rather than to do violence to this tradition.

The practice of throwing rice after a bridal couple is very ancient, and as originally done it symbolized fertility. The custom of throwing old slippers after the happy pair has come down from antiquity. It is especially prevalent in Somersetshire, where it is generally supposed to be a sort of invocation to the goddess Fortune, who, by virtue of this rite, confers favors and good fortune.

It is probable that this playful pelting of the newly-married pair dates back to an old savage custom when marriage by capture was in force. It was then held to be a matter of especial "good form" for the friends of the bride to offer violent opposition to her capture by the bridegroom. Among the Arab tribes of Upper Egypt the unfortunate bridegroom underwent the ordeal of whipping at the marriage feast. His lot was rendered the more unenviable by the requirement that he receive the drubbing—which was often unmercifully administered by the



THE RING.



THROWING RICE AND SLIPPERS.

relatives of the bride—"with an expression of enjoyment."

In Turkey the bridegroom is chased by the guests, who pelt him with their slippers. Our own custom of throwing old slippers—or latterly, sweet roses—after the bride and groom is really the last relic of a show of opposition to the capture of the bride.

It is interesting to reflect that the next step in social advancement gave marriage by purchase as the correct phase of this vital contract. Who is so bold as to imply that remnants of this barbaric custom may still be discerned in nineteenth century civilization?

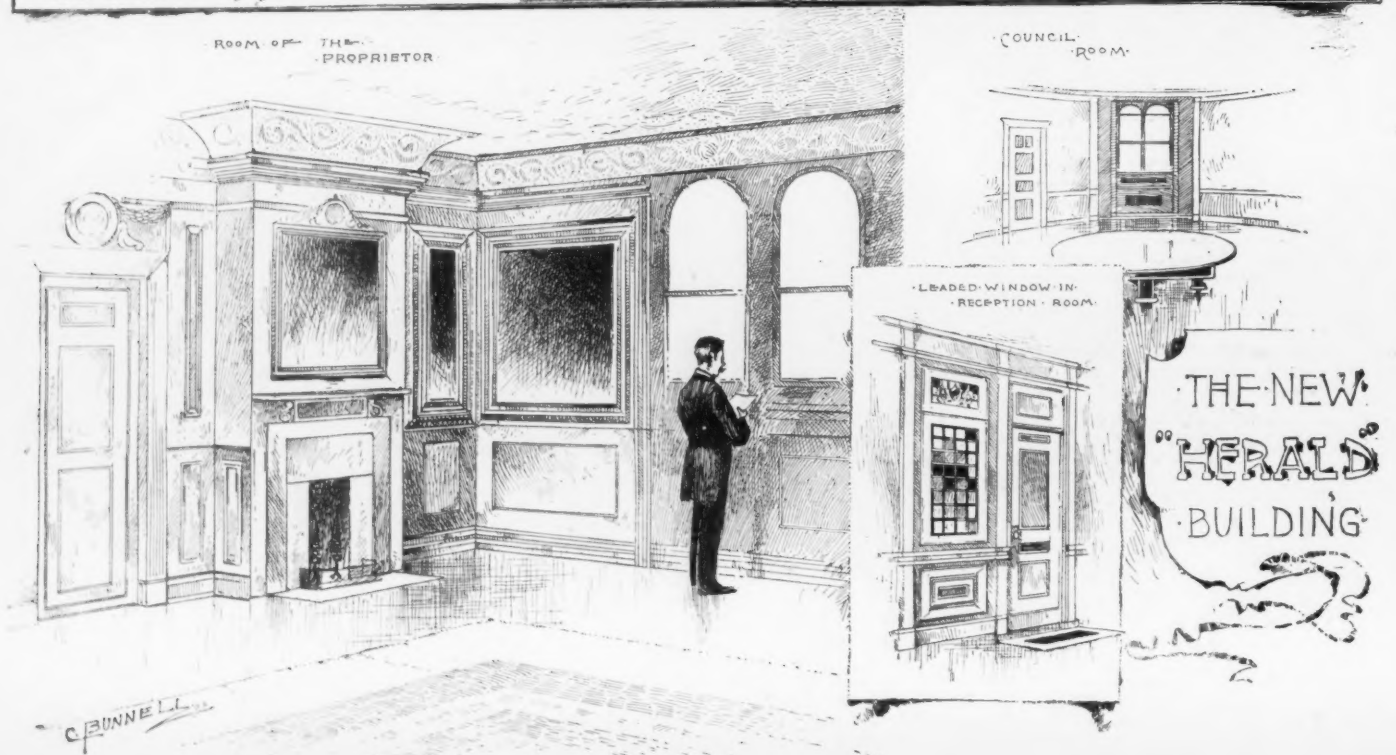
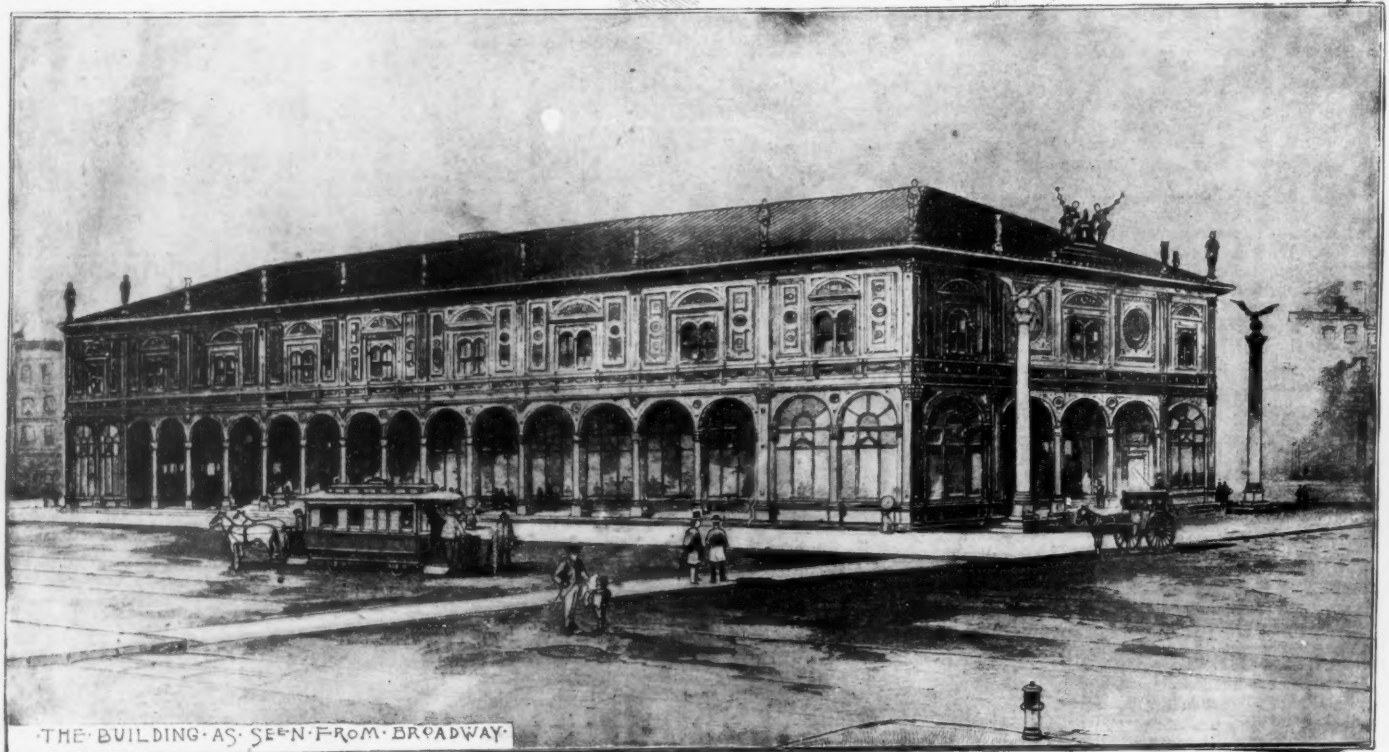
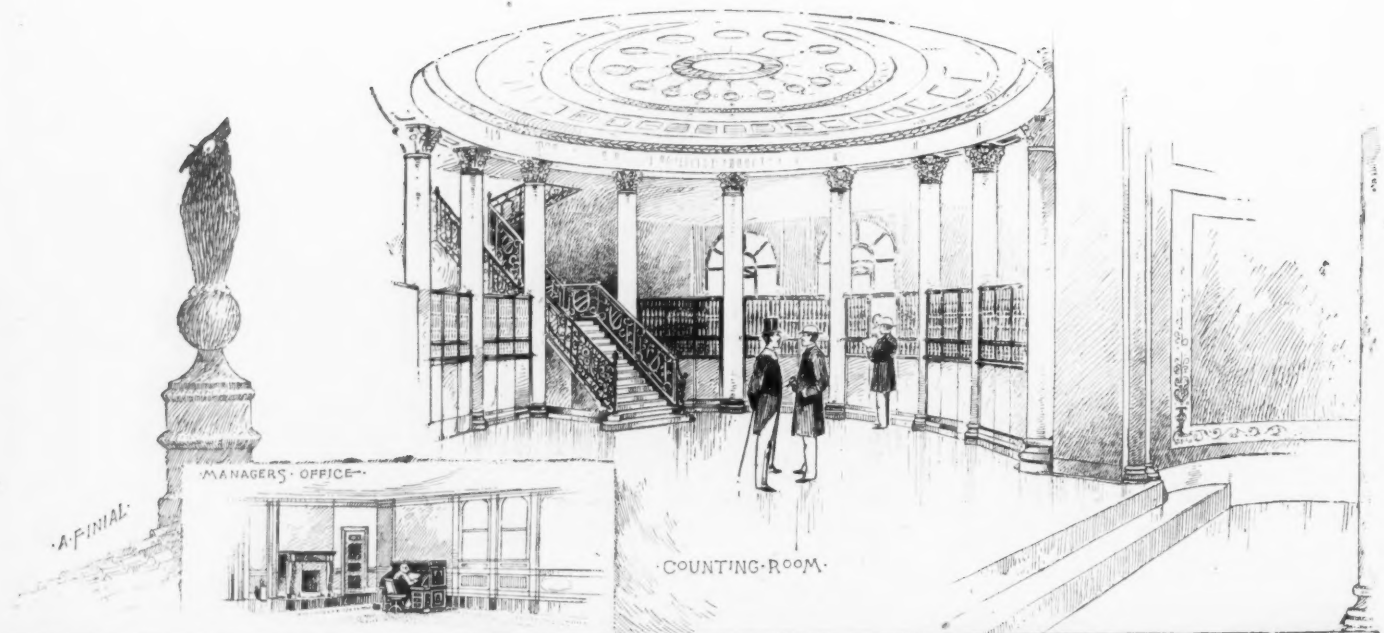
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## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.  
Author of "Foolie's Baby," etc.

## CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Phyllis began to laugh. "It is a difficult question, Margaret, dear," she answered; "but there is a difference. For instance, you can convey to persons that you don't like them without being rude."

"Oh, that's what you do to Mr. Hawkesley," said Olive, perily.

"Well, I may," Phyllis admitted; "but I am very sure that I've never been hypocritical to Mr. Hawkesley. I may have been rude"—she knew in her heart that she had been exceedingly rude over and over again—"but never a hypocrite—no, not a hypocrite."

"I wonder," said Margaret, "when Mr. Dornberg will be back again?"

"Oh, not for a long time, dear; it will be long before he'll be able to make the journey."

The words had scarcely left her lips before the door opened and Mr. Hawkesley entered. He just spoke to Mrs. Winton, giving two fingers and a curt nod to the sailor; then he rather ostentatiously crossed the room and took possession of Phyllis.

Now Phyllis was, owing to Margaret's letter, decidedly more pleasant in her manner than she had been lately; and they all, perhaps because they had just been speaking none too kindly of him, greeted him with much civility. It was a significant circumstance that Frizzie put up the fur of her back and uttered an angry snarl at his approach, eventually abandoning her comfortable place on her mistress's knee.

"My cat doesn't like you, Mr. Hawkesley," said Phyllis.

"No, I can't think why," said the vicar. "I'm not fond of cats; perhaps that's the reason; they say animals know by instinct."

"Oh, animals know when people don't like them," said Phyllis, with conviction. "And animals know perfectly well when people are not kind to them," put in Margaret. "You're not very kind to animals, you know, Mr. Hawkesley."

"I hope I'm never unkind to them, Margaret," said Mr. Hawkesley, with dignity. "I sincerely hope not," said Margaret, and forthwith whispered to Olive that she was a hypocrite, like everybody else. "That fellow seems to be here a good deal, Miss Phyllis," said the vicar, with a look at Fairfax.

"Well," said Phyllis, with a laugh, "he isn't an organ-grinder."

"What, haven't you forgotten that? What a long memory you have."

"Yes," said Phyllis, "I have a long memory."

"Haven't you forgiven that?" he asked.

"Not yet, Mr. Hawkesley. Not, you know, that it's my privilege to forgive your sins—especially sins connected with a man who is very able to take his own part."

"I don't know what possessed the man, but he took heart of grace from that in-advertent little speech, and fancied that Phyllis was softening toward him."

It was such a pity, because, as a matter of fact, Phyllis was more like a flint than ever.

"Do you like Fairfax?" he asked.

"Not much," answered Phyllis.

"I don't like the fellow at all," said the vicar, "he's so pushing."

"Oh, I don't think he's pushing. Florence likes him, and that's the principal thing."

"I thought Mrs. Winton had more discrimination," he went on, vexedly.

"Well," said Phyllis, with a roguish look, "you can't expect in this country to be like a Mormon elder, can you?"

"What?"

"Well, you can't expect to be like a Mormon elder, and have all the attention; they have all the attention, I think, don't they?"

"I know nothing about Mormons," he said, vexedly.

"Oh! I thought that you preached a sermon on Mormonism the other day?"

"So I did."

"How could you preach a sermon about what you knew nothing about?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," he replied.

He had the grace to grow rather red. Phyllis began to laugh.

"Didn't you write it?" she asked, in an amused tone.

"No, I didn't," he admitted; "I never

could write a sermon. I know I should write rubbish, and so I generally preach other people's sermons. It's very much better—for the people."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I wasn't blaming you—it's much, much, much, much better. I think it's very honest of you to own up to it."

"Well, I don't say anything about it if I'm not actually asked, but I told the bishop the other day that my own sermons were such rubbish I couldn't think of preaching them. I don't think the old boy quite liked it, but he couldn't say anything, as he could if I was only a curate."

"How did you do when you were a curate?" asked Phyllis.

"Oh, well, I had to do the best I could, but I never thought much of my own sermons. I don't think a man ought to preach his own sermons; it's a wrong system altogether. In fact, I think sermons ought to be abolished entirely. I'm thinking of giving it up in the afternoon."

"I'm sure I should," said Phyllis, with feeling. "Nobody'd miss it. As it is, they've all had a hearty Sunday dinner and they all go to sleep. Now, really, I shall think you wise if you give it up."

"I think I shall," he declared. "By-the-by," he went on suddenly, "you remember that German chap that was here last summer?"

Phyllis looked up at him. "Yes."

"He's dead."

## CHAPTER XII.

"He's dead!" said the vicar, without the addition of a single word that would in any way soften the news.

Phyllis caught her breath, turning very pale.

"Dead!" she echoed; "are you sure?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I am quite sure. I saw it in a newspaper. It was rather odd. I had a German newspaper sent to me the other day to show me an account of some work that was done by some friends of mine. I couldn't understand it, of course; but, on turning it over, the name of Dornberg caught my eye, and I asked a man in the club—who speaks German, if that wasn't the death of a Dornberg, and he said 'Yes, Paul Dornberg, in the Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin.' I tore the piece off to bring down and show you."

Now it happened that Phyllis knew that the vicar had come down from town that morning, so she never thought of discrediting the remark in any way. She put out her hand and said quietly, "Give me the paper, please."

However, the vicar did not find it. He turned out all his pockets, looked in his pocket-book, uttered various exclamations of surprise and disgust, and finally told her that he must have lost it.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I told you exactly what I saw. I'm awfully sorry about it. I wish I hadn't disliked him so much."

A faint little smile, the very saddest that could be, flickered over her face.

"I don't think," she said, "that it matters to him now whether you disliked him or not. To you, yes—to me, a little—to him, nothing. We will not talk about it any more, Mr. Hawkesley."

She felt as if she could not speak of it just then. She made an excuse and got out of the room. She met little Margaret in the hall.

"Margaret," she said, "I have a piece of dreadful news for you. Mr. Dornberg is dead."

"Who told you so?" said Margaret.

"Mr. Hawkesley."

"I don't believe it," said the child, with a scared face.

"Oh, he would not—he could not—make up anything like that. No, he saw the announcement in the newspaper. Why, he did not even know he had been so ill. Oh, I'm afraid it is too true, Margaret."

"I don't believe it," said Margaret. "I won't believe it till I hear it from somebody else."

It was wonderful how the children disliked the vicar.

It was wonderful what keen perceptions children have, and how in after years the fitness of human instinct becomes blunted. Look back to the time when you were a child yourself; think how clearly you saw everything about you; how clearly you saw when your mother was cross—she always called it having a headache—when your father blustered because there had been an accident to the dinner, when you knew perfectly well, although it was never put into plain words, that he had only been having a little dispute with your mother. I know that I can look back to the time when I was not more than six or seven years old, and I know that my judgments were keener then than they are now. I remember once going to church, and hearing the vicar thereof preach a sermon. He described at some length a dreadful story of a lady who went to a ball and died in the ballroom, and he gave us a fearful and gruesome picture of that poor lady's eternal damnation. And I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, thinking in my 'cute little child's mind that God could not think it so wicked a thing to dance, or else it would not happen that so very few people died in ballrooms. "She went to her last account," cried the preacher in quivering accents, and waving a warning hand wildly in the direction of the gallery—"she went to her last account with her awful wickednesses thick upon her." I well remember listening to the rest of the sermon with the most unmitigated contempt. After that nothing would have induced me, young as I was, to believe anything that that man told me.

Dear, dear! that same dreadful man used

invariably to give me a Pomfret cake whenever he came to see us, and I felt that it wouldn't be polite to say no, or not to put it in my mouth. I loathed Pomfret cake, and I used to put it between my cheek and my teeth and get rid of it afterward. The very name of Pomfret cake makes me shudder to this day, and now that I am a middle-aged woman I realize that it was not so much the Pomfret cake that I loathed as it was the narrow-mindedness of the giver that I despised.

Children are very 'cute; they are good judges of human nature; it is almost a pity that they ever grow up. I am quite sure that Margaret Winton had all the highly developed perception of a frank, quick-witted child. She did not in the least understand that the news might be a worse blow to Phyllis than to any of the others; she repeated her sturdy "I don't believe it," and she went straight along to the drawing-room.

"Mother," she said in a distinct tone, "Mr. Hawkesley has been telling Phyllis that dear Dornberg is dead—I don't believe it."

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Winton. "Mr. Hawkesley, it's not possible?"

"I'm afraid it is very possible, Mrs. Winton," said the vicar in what Margaret afterward described as quite a sorry-like sort of tone.

"Of course we knew that he'd been very ill of rheumatic fever, but Margaret had a letter from him only a few days ago."

"A week to-day, mother," said Margaret, "and it wasn't from him, either."

"Well, it was from his friend, or somebody. He said that he'd been very ill. Margaret, dear, get it, and let Mr. Hawkesley see it."

Margaret obediently went out of the room, although she didn't at all like the idea of having to show Mr. Hawkesley her specially beloved correspondence. However, she was a sweet-natured, obedient child, and she forthwith went away, returning in a few minutes with the letter in her hand.

The first thing that caught Mr. Hawkesley's eye was the address written at the top of the letter, simply, "Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin!"

"Yes," he said, "it's the same address as I saw in the paper—it was a paper I had sent to me."

"I am very, very sorry," said Mrs. Winton regretfully.

"Poor chap, so am I," said the sailor with rough sympathy. "We were only just talking about him, were we not, Mrs. Winton? Poor chap, I'm awfully sorry."

"I am very sorry too," said the vicar in an appropriate tone.

Margaret looked up quickly. "I don't see why you should be sorry, Mr. Hawkesley," she said resentfully, "you never could bear dear Dornberg. You used to call him a sausage-eating German; I heard you many a time."

"Margaret, you must not say those things," said Mrs. Winton severely. "I shall have to forbid you the drawing-room if you—"

"Tell the truth," said Margaret, who was an absolutely fearless child, and as irrepressible as fearlessness.

"Margaret, I am ashamed of you," said her mother.

"I am sorry, dear mother," said Margaret in a very penitent tone, but with anything but a feeling of regret in her heart.

She did detest the vicar, there was no gainsaying it. However, there was no use in discussing the subject any further.

Mr. Hawkesley told Mrs. Winton all that there was to know, and how he had become acquainted with the sad news, and then he had the grace to take himself away. They were all thankful when he was gone.

"I wonder whether we ought to write to his people?" said Mrs. Winton.

"He's isn't dead, mother," said Margaret.

"Margaret, you ought not to say that—Mr. Hawkesley would not tell a story about it, dear."

"Well, I don't say that he would, but to my mind," said Margaret, "it didn't sound real. I don't think I'd believe anything Mr. Hawkesley said; he always hated dear Dornberg."

"Clergymen never hate anybody, Margaret," said Mrs. Winton.

"Well, he hated Frizzie; I've seen him kick Frizzie many a time, and you can't get over that, mother. And he did hate dear Dornberg; I don't believe he's dead."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Winton, "how it would be if one was to write to the gentleman who wrote to you the other day. Look here, Margaret," picking up the letter, "you wrote to Mr. Jones—was it Mr. Jones?—yes—and say that we should all like to know how Mr. Dornberg is getting on, and that we are sorry to hear that he has been ill, and should like to know how he is. Then we shall have some official reply from the house itself."

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"Yes, mother, I'll get Phyllis to help me." She sped out of the room and left her mother and Captain Fairfax alone.

"Phyllis is so good to the children," said Mrs. Winton to the sailor.

"I think Miss Phyllis is good to everybody."

"Yes, she's a sweet creature."

"There are not many in the world like her—that's what I think," said the sailor.

"But, Mrs. Winton, you don't want her to marry that parson, do you?"

"He's very much in love with her," said Mrs. Winton dreamily.

"Well, that's not quite the question; whether she's in love with him is more to the point. I think she likes him just about as much as she would a toad."

"Phyllis doesn't care for Mr. Hawkesley; it's no use denying that. I wish it because he's young, and she would remain near me, and his position is a very good one. I, of course, have nothing to do with my sister's decision in the matter; she will marry whom she likes, and with that I of course have nothing to do. I should be glad if she married Mr. Hawkesley."

"Well, I can't understand it," said he bluntly; "no, I can't. If a sister of mine was going to marry that fellow, I think I should feel inclined to shoot her."

"I'm afraid a British jury would not quite take your view of the case, Captain Fairfax."

"No, no, I suppose not; but thank goodness, I have no sister to vex me by marrying a Hawkesley."

Meantime, Margaret was upstairs in Phyllis's bedroom writing her letter to Berlin, and Phyllis was helping her; that is to say, was suggesting the proper sort of phrases to use, with an awful fear and a tumult of anxious hope struggling together in her heart.

It would be difficult for me to describe how Phyllis Damer managed to live during the next few days—to go through the pretense of eating and going to bed and rising, as if nothing whatever had happened out of the common, when all the time the man whom she loved—and she did not now make any pretense in her mind that she did other than love him—might or might not be lying dead in Berlin. You see, as nothing had been said about her friendship for him, and as she was not supposed to have more friendly feelings toward him than toward a dozen other men who came about the house, she had not the consolation of being able to indulge in outward expressions of her anxiety. On the contrary, she had to sit quietly by and listen to her sister's comments on the subject; and Mrs. Winton's comments were of a tender and touching kind, speaking always of Dornberg as one of her most cherished cavaliers—men, she called them.

But during those few days Phyllis's mind

(Continued on page 15.)

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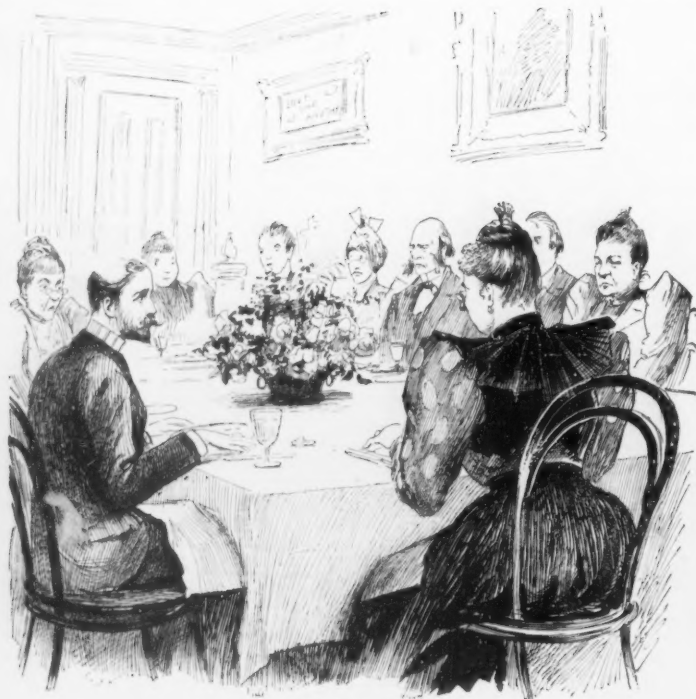
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